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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1837. NO. 820.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 17.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register and Observer.

MR ALCOTT'S BOOK AND SCHOOL.

Is not any one coming forward to cast some oil on the waves of excitement that Mr Alcott's book has raised in this easily alarmed community; and to do him justice? If not—then I must try to say a few words to adjust the balance, having the one qualification of having been a frequent spectator in his school, whose general idea I am sure is true, though I do not like all the details of his administration.

Having granted that about a dozen passages of the Conversations had better have been left in the oblivion to which his Recorder consigned them; and more than that, that it was as unwise—as unnecessary—to encumber his already disputed method of Spiritual Culture with questionable matter so extraneous to its great principle, by holding those portions of the conversations in the first instance; (the subjects of which I have observed the children themselves did not introduce;)—having also granted that the *names* of the young interlocutors had better have been left out of so disputable a book; and finally, that as an *Exegesis of Scripture*—the book is of no value;—I still think that there is much to be said for the general method of his school, and that *all* the faults of his administration are absurdly exaggerated.

Had Mr Hale read the Editor's *Preface*—I do not now mean the Essay on Human Culture—he could hardly have described the plan of those Conversations as he did. Mr Hale seems to think that the children are taught to value their crudest, wildest thoughts, as commentaries of great moment on the Scriptures. But he is mistaken. It appears from reading these conversations, and still more from listening in his school-room,—that the children understand, as few adults do, that it is the tendency of thought to go deeper and deeper, and higher and higher into truth—forever; and that the reason for expressing what they think—is mainly—that it defines to their own minds their errors and the limitations of their present views. It was therefore unfair to extract that conversation on the Holy Ghost, and leave the reader to infer that such crude notions were the ultimate views in which this method leaves its pupils. This conversation was one of the very first. It was held principally—as it appears—with new and young scholars. And it merely shows what associations with the words *Holy Ghost* were in the minds of the children, *when they were placed under Mr Alcott's care.* Let this single subject of the *Holy Ghost* be *pursued throughout* the Conversations, by any intelligent reader, and he will see that the final effect of this mode of talking was to spiritualize the idea in a wonderful manner. Let him read the second conversation upon the woman of Samaria, for instance, and he will see confirmed the words of scripture, 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise.' If you will allow me space for another article, I should like to show by extracts the progress towards clearness of several great ideas. And a better mode could not be devised to defend this method of presenting the scriptures to the young;—while there would be opportunity of disputing some of Mr Alcott's doctrines,—that I should also like to do:—for the worth of his general method and his own doctrines are not to be confounded. I cannot come forward as a defender of Mr Alcott's views—as they are stated in his Conversations with adults for instance—(these are now of so public a nature that to speak of them openly is no indecorum)—but I have much to say as the advocate of his plan of addressing the young. This plan is for the teacher to learn the associations of the children with all the words they use and hear used upon the subject in hand;—which is a thing that cannot be effected unless he persuades them that he himself is interested in these associations;—that they are indicative to him of tendencies of mind to be encouraged or regulated; and that for themselves to realize them is their surest way to self-knowledge. He allows the various associations to act upon each other; knowing that *the universal* alone can survive a fair meeting. By observing one another the children learn what is invaluable—to see how peculiarities of temper and disposition modify the understanding, and to discriminate the accidental from the absolute. And never were children more independant of an instructor, notwithstanding the astonishing command he has of their attention. Mr Alcott's method defends his pupils from submitting passively to himself. Were his the common mode of dogmatic instruction, I—for one—would not put my children under the guidance of his mind. But being what it is, I should not fear to do it;—widely as I differ from him on many points of doctrine.

It is said that Mr Alcott's conversation has no logic. This is true enough. Mere sensible analogies are too often taking the place of the relations of reason, in connecting his thoughts into a chain. Nothing can be further from the strong, clear, reason-linked method of his favorite Socrates, and the rigid logic of that most witty and profound of questioners, than Mr Alcott's rambling way of talking. He not only cannot lead his companions on the narrow line of real reasoning as Socrates did; but he cannot go upon it himself. All this I admit. But I maintain that this is no defect—in a conversation with children. They need suggestive conversation. Their attention is to be waked up—or kept alive,—to spiritual subjects, that their minds may not be governed exclusively by their bodily instincts. It should be the great aim of education at this period of life, to prevent a sensual (materialised) understanding from being formed. Their young brains ought not to be exercised in chopping logic. Their pure imaginations should wander free into the eternal reason. Then their passions will not get the start of their intellect, driving them into excess; or their intellect of their hearts, locking them up in the prison-house of a barren worldliness;—both of which things may be done astonishingly early in life.

Now Mr Alcott is pre-eminently gifted in *suggestive conversation.* His very want of logic seems to give freedom to his spontaneous reason. Adults who differ from him on almost every subject, allow that they receive innumerable ideas from him. And he is so pure and good—that he can sit down with the publican and sinner—and receive no contamination; can dive into subjects concerning which the world in general have only the most disgusting associations, with all the simplicity of an angel.

This last trait of character is indeed one source of the errors he has committed in his school. He is a person who needs advice from those who are practically acquainted with men; and who have that side of the mind and conscience developed, which he seems never to have exercised. It is a pity he should peril great principles by personal mistakes, especially by mistakes of such a nature as to expose himself and his cause to the scurrility of the most vulgar part of the public.

This suggestive character of Mr Alcott's conversation, with the cherishing influence he exerts over the spontaneous faculties of the children, is the great and true value of his school. It is an immense and a peculiar merit of this system of instruction. It is the very principle of education.

For what is our actual Education, generally speaking? It is a violent imposition of the confessedly imperfect adult mind of the time upon the rising generation. Instead of presupposing spiritual principles—to be tempted forth and clothed with the external forms of nature, and worked into a beautiful objectivity; it pre-supposes a dead capacity into which knowledge can be poured like material liquid. There is no true cultivation in the world—except by chance. In those periods of political revolution, general distress, wild excitement, in which the bands of custom are broken; or, in cases of personal family distress, when children are thrown on their own resources, *Greatness* is formed. Amidst all the exigencies and tumults of the formation of nations, the giants of intellect and genius, who send down their influence to all succeeding times. Why are not such facts reasoned upon? Are we so stupid as to believe that it is the absence of the means of knowledge that makes great men? How do each and all these great men lament their want of means and tranquillity for wide and deeper study! And who does not see, with half an eye, that other things being equal, the means of all kinds of knowledge, and days and nights of calm contemplation, are infinitely sanctifying to the seeds of genius? What then is *the advantage* of the stormy times? *It is this.* Tyrannical custom, and an arbitrary imposition of the adult mind upon the young mind, is not substituted, in those times, for the *true method* of nature, in which the imagination leads the understanding. This true, self-evolved method, with the narrowest resources of other means, is more cherishing to the reason and in the end more disciplinary to the understanding, than all the paraphernalia of universities—without it. It is this method, which Mr Alcott gives to his scholars, as an everlasting possession. They may go away from his school with a hundred fantastic notions, but they carry with them the first principles of the art of finding truth, by means of which all false notions are made temporary. Besides—no child could remain steadily, from six to nine years of age, under Mr Alcott's teaching, and ever afterwards act from mere sensual instinct, or without principle, or be in a passion,—unreproached by their reason as well as conscience; never afterwards could be unconscious of the divine excellence and spiritual authority of Jesus Christ.

And how can three years of a child's early life be better employed than in putting the Æolian harp of the soul into this breeze of nature's own. It is a wild and capricious breeze perhaps, and the strains brought out—form no work of art that can be set by the side of Haydn's Creation, or Handel's Messiah. But there are 'lightnings of melody' even for present delight; and what is infinitely more important, every chord of the harp is touched into life, and attuned to respond to the laws of nature and spirit.

This is the value of Mr Alcott's school. And it is the value of his book, to prove that this method can be successfully pursued; that children can be interested on spiritual subjects, without doing violence to their natures; that it is even easier to interest them, without adventitious stimulants, in such conversations, than to make them diligent in any other intellectual exercise.

Some ask, if three years in this school would not make subsequent discipline of the understanding by mathematics, dead and foreign languages, the sciences of nature, &c. distasteful? It has not been found so. On the contrary it has been found that his discipline awakens a desire of improvement, and a thirst to labor, in all departments of study, to which the faculties of the individual are fitted. In the many years that Mr Alcott has kept school in various places, it is said to have been the uniform testimony of teachers who have received scholars from him, that these scholars are their best and most agreeable pupils. Of course this does not apply to those who have attended his school a short time only.

Besides;—the several branches of book edution *are taught* in his school, though his general plan precludes any great progress in them. The school is all the better for that. It has unity of effect. It should be considered only as a preparation for the discipline of the understanding. But it is a noble, an invaluable perfection; awakening the moral powers, and giving the use of language. Will this generation be so unwise as not to avail itself of the peculiar genius of this singular enthusiast; who is also a pure-hearted and devout man;—beause he has some errors in detail? Perhaps he will not repeat these, after the admonitions he has received from the public. All methods have imperfections in human administrations, while but few have so great merit, wherewith to win pardon for the imperfection, as this one.

At any rate, it is but justice towards that part of the community which has patronised Mr Alcott, and humanity towards Mr Alcott himself, who has a family dependent on the success of his school,—that we frown upon exaggerated and one-sided and panic-striking strictures upon his book, such as have appeared in many of the late papers.

A FREQUENT SPECTATOR.

PREACHER'S DEFECTS.—The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Dr Justus Jonas hath all the good qualities that a man may have; yet by reason that he only often hummeth and spitteth, therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man.'—*Luther's Table Talk.*

FOR THE REGISTE AND OBSEEREYR.

PHILOSOPHICAL PREACHING.

Mr Editor,—In reading the last number of the Western Messenger, I met with some very judicious remarks upon this topic, which I think many of your readers will thank me for quoting. I would recommend them to the consideration of every clergyman,—to every clergyman, who wishes to accomplish the purposes of preaching,—to arrest the attention, to improve the hearts, and to influence the conduct of his hearers.

'This philosophical preaching is very common among a large portion of our denomination; is it a good mode? Now certainly such views ought to be presented to the people, and they cannot be presented in any way so effectively as from the pulpit. We think, however, it is carried to excess in many cases. We do not say, that our Unitarian preachers are too philosophical—no, there is no danger of that. But they are apt to show their philosophy in too academic a form---to treat Christianity rather analytically and in scientific form, than in its embodied life. They are more accustomed to show forth the principles of Christian faith and duty, rather than to preach Jesus Christ, the living, dying and risen Savior, in whom all these principles were embodied. *They aim to teach rather than to inspire.* They rather aim to tell us what we ought to be and do, than to inspire us to do and be what we ought.

'Now the aim of Christian preaching, like that of all education, is threefold: First to show what we ought to be; secondly, what we are; and lastly, how, from what we are, we may be made what we ought to be. Our preaching is too apt to confine itself to the first point, and to be content with exhibiting the ideal of duty. The orthodox confine themselves to the two latter—chiefly to the second, and are perpetually insisting upon the depraved condition of man and exhorting him to be better, without exhibiting to him the high ideal of human nature, which the man Christ Jesus presents. The Unitarian is too apt to be content with telling man what divine elements he has in his nature, and how high a standard is set before him, saying little of his falsity to that nature, and his great corruption. Let him learn of the Orthodox to tell men of their depravity, and to warn them to repent; and let the orthdox learn of the Unitarian to believe there are elements still in human nature, which may be made the foundation of repentance and holiness; and both systems will be complete.

'The divine elements,' it is said, 'the divine elements in human nature must be quickened, and thereby made to see God, and be at one with him. There is a difficulty, however, as to the means of quickening these divine elements. Christianity must quicken them, we are told; but we also told, that the divine in the soul must be quickened, before we can see or understand or feel the power of Christianity. Man is to be made good by Christianity, and yet he cannot understand Christianity or feel its power until he is good.

'Here is the great difficulty of philosophical preaching, and herein is the defect of the spiritual school. *They preach as to saints, rather than as to sinners.* They state the holy law of God, and enlarge upon the divine capacities of man, but do not take much hold of the sinful heart. Their philosophy is undoubtedly right in our view. We might look for more effect in proper modes of bringing it to bear on the world.

'What we need may be supplied, without giving up any of our philosophy. Let our preachers remember that the world is not spiritual, and will not be moved by an argument upon spiritual principles, nor by scientific illustrations of spiritual truth. The spirit must be so clothed in flesh and blood, as to have a life and meaning even to the senses of man. 'First is that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual.' Let religion be embodied in such form, that it shall touch the senses and common affections, and by these the diviner elements of the soul will be developed, as the heavenly rose springs from the heavy stalk and earthly clod. Christianity was given to man in such form, that both his senses and his reason could perceive it. So let it now be preached. They who have a high spiritual philosophy can do this, if they will, better than any one else. INSTEAD OF WRITING ESSAYS, LET THEM WRITE SERMONS; instead of thinking only of their *subject*, let them think also of their *object*; let the truth inspire them, and let the hearts before them also give an inspiration and kindle a sympathy; let them imitate the Creator, who shows us the great laws of the universe, not in dead analysis, but in living action—who even manifests the sublime attributes of his own being through visible forms and plain types, which the simplest understanding can read. Let them preach Christianity, not as a speculation, but as a life and in the life. Let them preach Jesus Christ, as he lived, died, rose, and ascended.

'We look to the time, when they who entertain lofty views' of our spiritual nature, 'shall preach them with power, not merely to a select and refined few, but to the sinful world; when they shall clothe those principles with flesh and blood, and shall impress the senses and convince the understanding of man, and quicken the inner life in souls that have been dormant in sin. Their wisdom will appear, as wisdom ever does, in persuasive simplicity; their spirituality will clothe itself with forms of power and of beauty. We shall have a ministry, who shall address man as he is—a creature of sin and sensuality, and yet one, whose soul may become the temple of the indwelling God.'

These passages discover the wisdom of experience. Mere abstractions are dead and deadening. The vapid essays we so often hear from the pulpit, in which the speaker is not addressing his audience, but prattling *about* some topic of the public interest, or no interest at all, are just what the apostle terms speaking into the air. To that class of *Christians*, whom we may denominate *sinners of taste*, such elaborate nullities may be welcome, as giving the least interruption to their dreams of earth; but nothing short of divine power can render so inefficient an instrument the means of converting a soul to God, or of advancing it a single step toward heaven. PASCAL.

April 17th, 1837.

THE PRAYING LITTLE GIRL.

A little girl in London, four years of age, was one day playing with her companions. Taking them by the hand she led them to a shed in the yard, and asked them all to kneel down, as she was going to pray to God Almighty: 'But don't you tell my mama,' said she, 'for she never prays, and would beat me, if she knew that I do.'

Instead of keeping the secret, one of her playmates went directly and told this little girl's mother, who was very much struck, but for the present took no notice of it. Some time after, on her going in doors, her mother asked her what she had been doing in the yard. She tried to avoid giving a direct answer. The question being repeated, the answer was the same. When her mother, however, promised not to be angry with her and pressed the enquiry with very kind words, she said, 'I have been praying to God Almighty.' But why do you pray to him?' 'Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him.' 'But how do you know he hears yon?' This was a difficult question indeed; but mark her reply. Putting her little hand to her heart she said, 'Oh I know he does, because there is something here that tells me he does.' This language pierced her mother's heart, who was a stranger to prayer herself, and she wept bitterly.

Let good children, therefore, do as this little girl did, bow their knees before God Almighty; and however short and feeble their little prayers, they may be sure he hears them, if they are in earnest, for he says, 'I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me.'—*S. S. Herald.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

BIOGRAPHY FOR SCHOOLS.

If public opinion, or political wisdom, should ever come to the conclusion that popular education is a direct means to form and to cherish the virtue and dignity of a nation, then we should see a careful supervision, in detail, of the whole economy, and all the instruments of that education. There would be method in the course of instruction and books would be employed to teach from, that would furnish to people of all conditions, not only the elements of science, but the rules and reasons of a thorough morality. It is this which forms the true excellence of the Prussian education apart from its outward economy, its noble aim to cultivate the whole mind of the people is admirable; but this would be no more than a speculation, a mere matter of declamation, if every person employed in public instruction did not understand its end, and if all were not furnished with exactly such means as might work to that end. The books used in the Citizen's Schools of Saxe Weimar, and over the German states generally, are in our hands. It is beautiful to see the simplicity with which they commence,—their perfect adaptation to infant ignorance—and then the connection of ideas that runs through them—the consecutive meaning, the true and logical deduction—as obvious to the mind and eye of a little child, as to the riper judgment of man or woman;—indeed the connections of truth are more obvious to a child, when they are not wholly beyond the sphere of his vision, than to the matured person whose faculties are under certain influences of habit, prejudice, or apathy. It is this susceptibility of the young which makes them 'the hope of the world;' and for this cause did the master command his followers to become 'as little children.'

It is a provision of Prussian education that a school master shall be the minister of God for good. He is required to teach virtue, and he has a series of books put into his hands that enlighten his own mind, as well as his pupil's. When the philosopher Cousin was employed to investigate the system of popular education in Prussia, he was struck with admiration at the moral and philosophical adaptation of the elementary works there used. It would be impossible for a child to be indoctrinated in these books without acquiring positive ideas from them. He must learn from them something of his own nature. His own body, and constitution are explained to him; and while he is taught that he is fearfully and wonderfully made, he is also made to feel that he is the temple of God; that he has a living soul, and that he will become a vessel of honor or of dishonor as he shall be the slave of his senses, or give his mind and will, and conscience and affections the mastery over the inferior nature. All this is not taught at once, nor by mere common place maxims—not only line upon line, and precept upon precept, inculcate true principles, but a multitude of the clearest illustrations and examples are used to give variety and effect to the impression of those principles upon the mind. Fiction is far less employed than fact for this purpose, though there may be found in the school books stories no longer than the parables of Christ, which, like them, are brief and striking lessons of duty; but for the more advanced pupils actual life is made the great teacher. Virtue derives much of its authority from experience; moral truth is not so barren as to offer no instruction to ignorance; imagination for the most part must borrow the ideal from the real. What man has done, man may do; what man nas been man may be;—the evil he has shunned, the excellence he has attained, raise the voice of warning, or of persuasion, from the oracles of books. According to these assumptions, children are naturally and properly furnished to good works from the noble examples of good men. The Prussian schools employ a work in five columns, used consecutively and printed in a cheap form called Examples of Virtue. In these books the great civilizers of mankind; the teachers of righteousness; the friends and cultivators of science; the high and the humble that have chosen the good part, are set forth to veneration and imitation.

It has been said that the American people are remarkably destitute of the sentiment, of veneration,—that with all self-admiration of the natural character, and with all the ardor of party feeling, they express little respect for the moral dignity of those they would celebrate. If this be true, and it is not very questionable, how could we better inspire genuine enthusiasm for virtue, how more naturally excite a virtuous emulation, or teach a wiser discrimination concerning good and evil, than by placing before the young the records of wise and good men of every age and country?—May we not thus enlarge the affections as well as the understanding—may we not make our children feel that they belong to the great brotherhood of God's elect, in all ages and countries, may we not thus educate the imagination, and give it a moral discipline, setting before it true models, and true events, and bringing it under authority of reason by showing what moral enlightenment, moral purpose, and moral energy have accomplished; and showing also the true circumstances of human life in all their influences upon character, how much there is to be patient under, to struggle against, to overcome and to yield to; and yet how much there is for hope and courage, and fortitude, and self-denial, and perseverance to attain—in short cannot we raise the young out of the narrow province of a vulgar self-interest, into the wider region of true charity; and adjust all that is individual in each to all that is universal in his relations to duty, and demonstrate to them all that is obtainable in the pursuit of happiness—and cannot we thus make the next age a better, and give our nation a complexion and tone which are yet found wanting in us?

If we conclude that a school has no part in all this, that it is only to afford the mechanism by which a man or woman is to perform certain conventional operations, such as reading, writing and arithmetic,—for these within certain limits are only conventional arts so that what is sometimes called the *business of life* can be carried on with facility;—andthat self culture, and other provisions, the press and the pulpit for instance, are to accomplish the enlightenment of society, we must leave primary discipline in its present state. But in so doing we shall leave a great gulf between the teachings of childhood, and those of more advanced years; and leaving the more susceptible age uninitiated in the best things, we shall give power to the natural man, and the carnal mind to harden itself against the reception of the sentiments that should grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength of the moral being.

In this country a popular work entitled, Biography for Schools has recently appeared; the following preface to it is in perfect accord with the preceding remarks, and may it is hoped, when reprinted in the Register, suggest the uses of this untried course of instruction, which yet remains to be adopted among us.

'Biography for schools has never been attempted, in this country. In Germany, authentic examples of what is excellent and commendable in human action are made a part of academic and popular instruction. In the Prussian schools a series of books under the title, Examples of Virtue, are in constant use. These examples are taken from different ages of the world, and teach the virtues proper to our nature and social state from the representations of fact.

We give our children History long before they can understand it. History represents collective society—large numbers of men—the interests of great numbers the—transactions of great numbers—the disputed principles of parties—politics, the most obscure of sciences—and negotiations of states—all which have nothing to do with the natural curiosity, or sympathy, or duties of the young. There is knowledge which our popular education entirely neglects, that is infinitely more desirable and interesting—it is that which records individual man. By means of this knowledge, we may lead the young from particulars to generals. We may show how every distinguished man belongs to his age—to others, his contemporaries. Columbus would not have been the man he was, but for the circumstances he was placed in; or being the same man, he could not have run the same career, but for the motives and opportunities which the then existing state of human knowledge, of government, and of religion opened to him. He illustrates his age.

When the history of Luther is first offered to a young person, what a wide view of the most important truth does it open! The individual is presented in all his ardor for the cause of truth—the *principle* which animates him is exalted at once by his zeal and courage in declaring it; and then the authority of old error—its origin and progress—all the power which defends it, together with that which opposes it; the influences of false and of true religion upon society; the power of the human will and conscience over all other powers, extending themselves beyond the fearless soul which announces their dictates to contemporary minds, and succeeding generations—all exhibit to the young the moral dignity of man—the ages and the multitudes that lay in darkness—the renewing of light to mankind—and by comparison with present times, its shining more and more to perfect day.

In a similar way the relations of every great and good man or woman to the age in which he or she lives, makes the individual a nucleus of accumulated facts, which form the true history of mankind. In our common mode of teaching, that which is first should be last. 'How can we reason but from what we know?' In very early life we know individuals—private men, and private relations only. The connection of these with the whole frame of society—of our own times with preceding, backward through antiquity—and the remarkable differences of savage and civilized man, are all comprehended by means of comparisons. Wisdom and Charity will both be enlarged by teaching History and Ethics in such a connection.

I have written this little book with the view to induce teachers to discipline the minds of the young in this way. To inculcate the principles of duty by actual examples, and to extend the knowledge of mankind through the demonstrated influence of individuals upon large numbers, in different ages and countries. This is a very small specimen of what is practicable in such a course of instruction; but I was restricted to this experiment by the discretion of my publisher.

I have, with more perseverance than success, during many years, endeavored to furnish to the public the instruments of a truly moral education of the people. I honor all physical science for its excellent uses, and wish to see the young so far initiated by primary instruction, that they may find in it the interpretation of God's laws, and a constant facility in all the operations of art and industry. I desire to see the reasoning faculty exercised, so that truth and falsehood, expediency and inutility, may be plain before them; but, above all, I wish to see the principles of a right conduct made perfectly clear by actual instruction. In a fiction taken from antiquity, Education personified, thus exhorts the learner to receive the benefits she would communicate: 'If thou wilt be persuaded by me, I will display to thee many works of wise men, reporting to thee their admirable words and actions. And the soul, thy better part, I will adorn with many ornaments—with temperance, justice, and holiness; with gentleness, equity, and prudence; with fortitude, with love of honorable things, and with zeal for important things. For these truly are the unblemished ornaments of the soul.' Thus in the words of a sceptic philosopher, we recognise the christian doctrine, 'Whatsoever things are pure, lovely, &c., think on those things.' If we have neglected the christian counsel heretofore, shall not this admonition reprove us? It is the best function of education to provide the young such elements of thought. God grant that others, better skilled than I am, may furnish them more acceptably and abundantly.'

Biography for Schools was written in the belief that its uses might be, in some small measure such as the preface describes, and so far as our schools aim at its objeet, it may answer its avowed purpose, and on that account is commended to teachers. It may be found at the bookstore of James Munroe &Co.

[From the Christian Witness.]

The following is an extract, copied from a letter recently received from one of the superintendents of a female school in Greece; showing the manner in which the teachers try to impress upon the scholars, that they are to practise what they know, to become wise unto salvation. The superintendent says:

A few days since I entered the school room just as the dinner basket had been given to the scholars; after the blessing had been asked, which is done in the school room before the children leave it to eat their bread, I noticed a little girl crying, and in angry dispute with one next to her. They were called from their places and bid stand by themselves till the school was dismissed; I then learned that one was accused of stealing a chesnut from the basket of the other. The teacher without asking any questions, bid them bring their Bibles and turn to the Friday lesson, which is the ten commandments: it was read by the accused, and after the teacher had made a few remarks, she permitted them to join their companions in play. The next morning after prayer, she called the two girls from their seats, and the attention of all the scholars was arrested, by asking if they knew why the two were thus placed before them? They were then told that the girl was guilty, and asked if they knew what commandment had been disobeyed, and thus by questions to the whole school, and their answers from the Word, the sin against God and man became manifest. The teacher read to the little girl the admonition the Scripture gives to those who have stolen 'to steal no more.' At dinner time I asked if she had a chesnut in her basket. She said. Yes. And what, I asked, do you think you ought to do, from what you have learned from the Word of God this morning? She opened her basket, took out the chesnut, and with a tearful eye, gave it before all the scholars to the liitle girl from whom she then confessed she had taken one.

TEMPERANCE IN SPAIN.

The following is an extract from a letter of Rev. G. B. Cheever, of Salem Mass. author of the notorious article entitled, *Deacon Giles's Distillery.* Mr C. is traveling in Europe, and during his absence is a Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

Cold water is another commodity carried about the streets both summer and winter. Cold water, and nothing to mingle with it—strange as it may seem to the palates whose unfortunate owners can scarce remember the time since childhood when they have known from experience how it tastes undiluted—pure cold water forms one of the most customary and profitable 'cries' of the towns and cities of all Spain. It is carried about in large vases of porous clay, or wheeled round in portable fountains, with large glass goblets, for the refreshment of the purchaser. I have seen a gentleman stop one of these water carriers, and drink a sparkling tumbler of the pure chrystal beverage, in the open street, with as much apparent pleasure as any red-nosed 'gentleman of the bar' in our country would exhibit in quaffing a bottle of poisoned champaigne, or Copenhagen porter. Riding the other day into the country, we stopped for a moment at the door of a small ventorillo, or inn, by the way-side, and were not a little pleased at the evident enjoyment with which the coachman paid for a drink of cold water, which was handed to him in a mug from a vase near at hand, replenished for the purpose. As it was just after breakfast, I could not tell how he could possibly be thirsty enough to drink it, but it was an additional proof of all that I have heard as to the water-drinking propensities of the Spanish peasantry. Little huts or water-stands, by the road-side, are not unfrequent in every direction, for the supply of water for the passing peasantry and travellers.

The Spaniards have a proverb, that 'drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.' It deserves to be noted 'with a white stone,' and I wish it were written in letters of gold over the door of every inn by the road-side in our country. It would make a happy motto for the banner of the New York State Temperance Society. What a world of misery would have been saved, and what a multitude of wretched families would have been made happy, by its timely remembrance. Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. It is surely a good proverb, and a happy one for the nation, whose habits make it theirs.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INEXPERIENCED CLERGYMAN. No. VI.

RICHMOND.

The view of Mount Vernon from the river was surpassingly beautiful. At Potomac creek 45 miles from Washington our steam-boat passage was at an end and we were under the necessity of transporting ourselves—bag and baggage to the stage-coach. Nine miles brought us to Fredericksburg—a Town situated on the South side of the Rappahannock river. It contains several thousand inhabitants. The chief object of interest in the place is a touching monument to the mother of Washington.

From Fredericksburg to Richmond is some over an hundred miles. The several points on the route are Vileboro'—Bowling green—Mattapony river, White Chimneys—Hanover Court House, and Chickahomany river.

Out of Fredericksburgh I took a seat upon the stage-box and ventured, to converse with the driver, who was a slave-holder, upon the subject of slavery. I found him as willing to be free in speech as myself. In the course of conversation he testified to the truth of what many seem disposed to doubt at the present day—that many of the slave-holders are very hard masters. He informed me that some fed their slaves upon nothing but salt-fish and bread—and dealt out to them on Saturday night their allowance for a week—that they let them have nothing to sleep on but straw—and worked them from day-light until sun-down and after—a long day in midsummer. Indeed we passed them at work in the fields—women as well as men planting and plowing long after sunset. The women however prefer field-work to house-work. But to return. They are clothed in rags—continued he—their mode of living gives them a sort of scurvy and enfeebles them—and this cause with incessant labor brings on premature decay. This is the treatment of some masters. Others, he said, fed them well, clothed them well, and worked them no more than they could bear. They saw that it was for their interest to treat them well. They took good care of them as they would of their horses. For himself he fed his negroes on bread and bacon and clothed them with stuff similar to what he wore himself—though a trifle coarser. He gave them three suits yearly. When we arrived at his house—where the stage-passengers usually dined, I took the opportunity of examining his negroes somewhat attentively—but did not find them so well clothed as he represented.

He informed me moreover that the value of a good negro was treble that of a good horse—that there was much promiscuous intercourse—among the slaves, though a form of marriage was often used and pronounced over them by the overseer or master—that if a negro was detected in theft—he was lashed or branded in the hand—and the iron pressed in, until he repeated 'God save the commonwealth' three times—and if one killed another, he was tried and hung—and the owner indemnified by the State. Hanging, said he, was too good for Nat Turner. He ought to have been cut to pieces. He thought it probable the negroes at Fredericksburg never heard of the insurrection and its consequences.

This driver, whose fame as an upright and honorable man had ex ended the country round, at his inn or plantation resigned his honors to some one else—and I took a seat inside the coach. Here I had some talk with a young Virginian on the same subject. The following are some of the items of conversation. Good slaves are worth six or seven hundred dollars. They are very cheap, at three or four hundred dollars. Those most highly valued are from 16 to 25 years of age. A handsome negress will sell for two or three thousand dollars. * * Negroes in Philadelphia are astonishingly impudent. Johnny Randolph's slaves, (he had 300) were exceedingly polite—the finest of gentlemen. * * * Negro-dealer, heretofore a term of reproach is now becoming more respectable. Many young men make their fortunes in this kind of trade. * * * The Virginians would get rid of slavery if they knew how. They are tired of it and see its evil effects.

The coach rattled through the streets of Richmond at 12 o'clock at night—the passengers from Washington having been on the route since six in the morning. It was now more than three weeks since I left Boston, and the whole expense of my journey was less than 60 dollars. My fatigue was so great the morning after my arrival that my slumber was not broken until after 10 o'clock, and breakfast was served up at the very fashionable hour of eleven. Slaves had been in my room early in the morning. Slaves waited upon me at table—slaves had cooked and prepared all—and all scented and tasted of slavery. I could drink nothing—could eat nothing. Slavery became to me the all-absorbing idea. It was my meat and drink for days. It occasioned me much anxiety and distress of mind. Richmond is a city of 20,000 inhabitants and half of them are slaves. They are with you in the house and by the way—in the chamber—in the dining room—in the market—in the shop—in the street—at morning and at evening—at all times. They do every thing for you. They are ever at your elbow. They are like the frogs of Egypt. You cannot escape them.

Richmond is a peculiar city. There is little to remind one of N. England. People think differently—feel differently—talk differently—pronounce differently—sing differently—look differently—dress differently—live differently—do differently. I mean no disparagement to the Virginians. Their ways may be as good as ours. Certain it is that in many respects they excel us. The mule-teams in the street driven by noisy and cruel masters (slaves!!) have altogether a strange aspect. Indeed one could not feel himself farther from home if he had crossed the Atlantic and were indeed in a foreign land. There are churches—and the Sabbath is observed—but they are not N. England churches—and the Sabbath is not observed as in N. England. The thanksgivings and fasts of N. England are not there. The sanctity of N. England is not there. Slavery rests like a great curse upon them. It is the worst of all evils. Of this many of the Virginians are aware and deprecate the same. You sit at table—you are surprised that the family is not poisoned by those who have the power in their hands. You are in the street—you think it strange that lusty mule-driver is driven by his brothers in the flesh. You walk along the banks of the canal. You can hardly believe that hard-fisted—brawny-muscled man forcing along that boat-load of merchandise, is not free. After service on the Sabbath you pass the African Church. A multitude is pouring out and has already covered the pavement, a dense and mighty mass. You wonder that so many fine athletic frames are not animated by daring spirits—that they do not rise in vengeance and strike a desperate blow for their liberties. On a holiday (they have many in the course of a year) you see them standing by scores at the corners of the streets—and hear the loud laugh of jollity resound from far and near—and you cannot persuade yourself that such happy beings are not their own masters—that they are the property of others—bought and sold like sheep in the shambles. You go to the capitol—an armed sentinel treads its floor. He is there night and day. When he is asleep—the city sleeps not safely. He is the watchman, but not of freedom. He is the eye of jealousy—the arm of power—the keeper of the bondman You go to the market-place—you see the fruits of long years of degradation and oppression—in the ragged, decrepit, broken—unmanned, half-embruted and miserable objects that greet you on every side. Whether the number would be diminished, if slavery was no more, many wise men would question. You wind your way to the neighboring hill—you tread that hallowed spot of graves—you enter that simple rustic church where the eloquence of Patrick Henry was first enkindled and burned bright with the flame of freedom—and can hardly realize that the chains of slavery still clank about, and that the air of freedom is wafted only to the white man's breast. You may not be an abolitionist. It is unnecessary you should be in order to the rise of such thoughts and feelings.

Richmond is situated on the northern bank of the James river. The land rises gradually to a considerable elevation from the river, and on what is called Shockoe hill, which is the highest point, lies much of the Town. The principal buildings on this site are the Court-House—the Powhatan House (an extensive public boarding-house)—the Capitol—the Monumental Church—erected on the spot where the theatre was burnt. Ninety individuals were consumed in the flames, and to the memory of their unhappy fate a monument stands in the open vestibule of the church. From the Capitol the view of the city reposing beneath your feet—of the James river beyond and of the country in the vicinity is highly picturesque. Richmond is at the head of tide water near the lower falls of the river and 150 miles from its outlet into the Chesapeake. The wide promenade along the banks of the James—embowered in trees—with the clear waters of the canal enlivened by the sounds of merchandize, on one side, and the romantic falls of the James fifty or a hundred feet below you, and extending for miles, on the other—has no equal to my knowledge in the Northern States. Beyond the canal you look into the depth of a wild and boundless forest;—beyond the river your eye rests upon the houses of Manchester a town of some magnitude—or ranges over the partially cultivated country. It was early in April when I was in Richmond. In Boston and the vicinity the East winds blew cold, and tore your lungs to tatters—every body was wrapped up in flannel and woollen—the fields were cheerless and the trees bare—while on the contrary in R. the temperature was warm and the breezes bland, and flannel and woollen were thrown aside for the light garments of summer—the fields were green—the trees were leaved out and their abundant blossoming filled the air with delicious fragance.

The religious Society of Richmond in the face of much prejudice and opposition was in an encouraging condition. A Sabbath-school and a church-body were in a fair way to be established. The audience consisted of about two hundred people. They had a small organ which was finely played by a German musician. The church is a small brick edifice—similar in construction and external appearance to the Jewish Synagogue which is bnt little distant and in the same street. It was my good fortune to have letters to a Jewish family of the city, which is somewhat extensive. What was my surprise when ushered into their room to behold a portrait of the Rev. Dr Channing. I saw much of them and received expressions and proofs of kindness which it will never, I fear, be in my power to repay. In partial justice to them, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of saying, that it is not often one's lot to meet with people of so much intelligence, sensibility, refinement, hospitality and genuine *Christian* feelings. They receive attention from the first circles of the city, visit on the most friendly terms with Episcopalians, Presbyterians &c. and are very much respected and beloved. In about ten days I left Richmond in the river-steamboat. The sail to Norfolk affords much variety and is extremely pleasant. You pass many fine old seats of the Virginian planters. Jamestown—where the English first settled—the Rip Raps of Presidential memory, &c. The night we were on the Chesapeake there was a violent gale and the next morning we passed two wrecked vessels that had been blown over with their sails set. Our Capt. assured us, that all on board must inevitably have perished. We passed within a few feet and it was a most distressing spectacle. There was the silence of death upon the waters. Sadness pressed upon every heart—and was visible from every brow.

* * Though deep and dark blue ocean * *
——— Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage but his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The afternoon of the same day we reached Baltimore—having been two days and a night on the passage. In a few days in Boston again.

S. A. D.

Holy Water.—A very good story is related by Lambert, in his travels, respecting the efficacy of holy water. 'A friend of mine was once present at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder-storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed, and the room darkened. The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closet for the bottle of holy water, which by a sudden flash of lightning she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every clap of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the storm ceased, and the party were providentially saved from its effects, which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found, to the destruction of their white gowns and muslin handkerchiefs, their coats, waistcoats and breeches, that instead of holy water, the pious lady had sprinkled them with *ink*.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE DUTY AND POLICY OF FEEBLE SOCIETIES. No. I.

Mr Editor.—Much is said at the present time respecting feeble churches. This subject must engage the solicitude and exertions of the Christian philanthropist, for a long time yet to come. I send you some remarks upon it; should you judge them adapted to be useful, I will ask the insertion of them in the Register.

Within a few years, a vast change has taken place in the ecclesiastical condition of New England. The traveller, as he passes through our towns and villages, beholds in every direction, altar erected against altar. Societies, competent only to the appropriate support of one temple, have hastened to erect two, three, four, perhaps more. The causes of this great ecclesiastical change, have probably been numerous. That errors and faults of good men and good ministers even, have had no small influence in producing this state of things, will be, I suppose, very generally conceded. But how far such a cause, and how far other and very different causes have operated to produce the change to which I have referred, we are incompetent to determine. It is no part of my present design to discuss this general subject, in this view of it.

We know that without the Providence of our heavenly Father, not a sparrow falls to the ground. And, while clouds and darkness may be round about Him to our very imperfect apprehension, we have the consolation of knowing that justice and mercy are the pillars of his throne, and that his administration is guided by a wisdom which is all-comprehending and gloriously perfect. It becomes us therefore, under the evils of that dispensation of Providence of which I have spoken, instead of yielding to the spirit of rebellion against Heaven, or to the spirit of mutual reviling among ourselves, piously to acquiesce in our present condition, to cultivate mutual good will and Christian charity, and to rouse ourselves to a manly performance of the new duties to which the changes in our ecclesiastical condition so loudly call us.

There are several important duties that grow out of our broken ecclesiastical condition, claiming our very serious attention; but I shall now speak respecting only one of them. I address in an especial manner, members of such churches as have been weakened by the changes of the times, and members of all such churches, which, from whatever causes must be denominated feeble. And I respectfully solicit your attention to some remarks on the subject of strengthening yourselves, in regard to the support of a preached gospel among you. I shall enter upon the subject in my next number.

N. W.

Wilton, N. H.

[From the Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine.]

DR. MALAN AND FELIX NEFF.

The Canton Vaud is one of the most considerable in the Helvetic confederation both in population and territorial extent: that is to say, if such a word can be used of such a little state, containing only 180,000 people. Of these not above four thousand are called Catholics; the remainder not only professing the Protestant religion—but there is great reason to believe enjoying an evangelical ministration of the word of life to a greater proportionate extent than any other part of the continent of Europe.

It is known to the religious world, that the Christians of this canton have during the present generation suffered a most rigorous oppression—I should perhaps call it—from their brethren professing the same faith with themselves. This state of things lasted six or eight years, during which, persons were exiled, imprisoned, fined and prohibited from assembling for public worship; and otherwise vexed and punished by the authority of the laws, and under the procurement of the public authorities and protestant pastors; avowedly because they professed doctrines and pursued a course of life and worship, which need be no further explained to an American reader, than to say that they were such as *all* the Christians of that country aim at. Happily, this folly and wickedness defeated its own ends: or rather God made the wrath of man praise him, and graciously restrained the remainder thereof. For the last four or five years, unlimited freedom of worship has been enjoyed; and at this time, there are above a hundred pastors in the Canton Vaud, who receive the truth in the love of it, and preach it faithfully and zealously to the people. 'It is a blessed canton,'—said one of the most active and enlightened Christians of Switzerland to me—one not himself a citizen of Vaud.

The state of things which preceded and ushered in this revival of religion throughout the Canton Vaud, as well as in other parts of Switzerland, and indeed in most countries of Europe, was extremely curious and interesting. I mention this canton only at the present time. I asked Dr Malan at Geneva, what was a Momier. I had heard the word used in every sense, good or bad, and although I understood in general that a religious sect was designated by it, I was somewhat confused by various imports. 'Ah,' said the venerable man, 'you speak to the king of the Momiers—to the first who perhaps was branded with the name.' He then proceeded to inform me in reply to anxious questions, shortly, of his conversion—the privation of his appointment of instructor of youth in Geneva on that account—his lack of permission to preach—the contempt of his brethren—and the scorn of his fellow citizens. In this contingency, his habit was to preach as he could, in the adjoining villages of France which are near enough for persons from Geneva to attend. The same malice which oppressed him followed to revile him in the regions round about. To ridicule him, it was advertised that the *great Momier*—would exhibit at such and such places; the word was answering precisely to a noun personal made out of our word *mummery*. At first he was not aware that he was meant; but supposed that as the habits of the places and time encouraged Sabbath day exhibitions of all kinds,—it was a real juggler who availed himself of the crowd and would actually exhibit his mountebank tricks. 'When I found out the truth' said he, with his dark eyes beaming light—'I was full of joy. Then I knew this was a great thing. I did not see it so plain before. They had given it a name; it is a great work; they have so treated great works before. I saw that God intended great things!' The event gladdened the single-hearted Christian. And amidst the trials and sorrows of an apostleship full of many that wound the spirit and break the heart, God has permitted his servant to see the truth of that in which he trusted. It is a great work. Who shall say, how much greater it is destined to become?

Amongst the early converts, either through the direct agency of Dr Malan, or perhaps through the same instrumentality, to which his own conversion may be attributed—was Felix Neff. 'The most gifted man both in body and mind, I ever knew, was Felix Neff.' These words were spoken to me by professor Gaufern of Geneva. Neff was a soldier in the garrison of Geneva, was converted—became a minister of Jesus Christ—and was perhaps more directly successful and more wonderfully blessed in his labors, than any man of this extraordinary age. It was through his instrumentality that the revival amongst the pastors in the Canton Vaud commenced; and that at a time when he was but imperfectly educated, and not licensed to preach. He went on foot, from one parish to another, over the canton—visiting the pastors. To these he preached; not directly, but with the pathos, subtilty, and demonstration, which characterised the man, and marked him as a chief captain in the army of the Lord. His instructions to the pastors (what a phrase have I used! what a lesson is contained in it! a discharged soldier teach pastors religion!) his instructions—for they were truly such—were confined exclusively to the narration of what he had seen, heard and witnessed. He asked leave to tell what God had done for his soul. The pastor listened in the retirement of his study:—and the truth slew him! He wished to make known what he had witnessed of the work of the Lord on the heart of such or such a one. The pastor heard—and the scales fell from his eyes. It was the water of Marah, with the bitterness of sin gushing from the head of the fountain. And the servant of the Lord cast in of the tree of life eternal, and the sweetness of heaven revisited the stream. Will it be credited, that I searched every bookstore in Geneva, for some monument of Felix Neff and found none? Can it be believed, that in the two principal book-stores of the place, I was told in both instances by the masters of the shops, that they had never before heard of the man!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Mr Editor,—We know not whether to be pleased or displeased with your correspondent 'P.' For while on the one hand we are gratified at being noticed by him who writes over that familiar signature:—So on the other, we are pained that we should be compelled to prefer against him the charge of uncharitableness if not misrepresentation. Upon the whole, however, we will not allow our temper to be ruffled; but charitably suppose, that your able correspondent penned his spirited remarks under the influence, not of anger, much less of spleen:—but of a zeal in the good cause of Sunday Schools, which for the time being, got rather the better of his judgment.

Nevertheless, we will endeavor, so far as in us lies, to do away with the impression which the remarks of P. are intended to convey. And we intend that our temper, which is apt at times to be unruly, shall remain quiet and peaceable, 'decently and in order' under the dominion of its lawful masters, Reason and Charity.

Your correspondent *seems* to think that we labor under so much fear that the *merits* of Sunday Schools will be overrated, that we *almost identify ourself with the character of a foe.* This is rather unkind. We give in to no one for interest in the Sunday School—and '*though we say it that should not*'—if our words convey a different impression, we hope and believe, we trust and pray, that not so do our actions speak. We are indeed fearful that while we are joining our voices in the 'note triumphal' at the *signal success* of the 'Sunday School experiment'—we are apt to forget our *deficiencies*, and 'incorporate our dreams of what may be, of what should be, with our knowledge of what is.' We are apt, when lauding the idea of *Sabbath Schools* (and this we cannot laud too highly) to overrate their *present condition* and while with enthusiasm we discourse of what they may be, we speak in too high terms of what they are.

We beg to assure 'P' that we have not had to *labor* to discover, or to show, the defects in our schools. Would that for this undertaking labor, *hard* labor were necessary—but alas! such at present is not the case.

'P' accuses us of laying to the charge of Sunday Schools one defect of which they are not guilty. We wish he could have proved this. We would have thanked him. The defect alluded to was this—that many teachers are in the habit of *simply amusing* their classes—or rather of making this the 'end and aim' of their instruction. Your correspondent says he is 'astounded' at this. He does not believe that '*many*' or 'ANY' of our teachers take to their classes amusing books to read, or relate to their pupils 'humorous anecdotes. *He has never* seen it! We must say that we are 'astounded' at this assertion. How it may be in *his school*—(which, if we are not mistaken, we have never visited)—we know not. But, this we do know—(our eyes, and ears, are our witnesses) that many of the teachers of our acquaintance, are in the habit of reading such books, and telling such stories, to their classes;—this being the principal exercise. Nay more (we repeat what we said in a former article) we have not unfrequently heard the tones of boisterous mirth in the Sunday School;—not seldom, have we noticed one class by this means disturbing its neighbors? And we can not help thinking, that your correspondent who *according to his own ipse dixit* is in close communion with many of our teachers, must *know* that many of them do pursue the course alluded to. We would not however doubt P's word;—and we leave it to him to account to his own conscience for his remark. All is—if *he* does not know of such teachers, there is one department of knowledge (probably the only one) in which we are superior to him.

After having made the strictures above alluded to, in the course of which as I have before hinted, he half insinuates that it is his belief that we are 'a wolf in sheep's clothing'—your correspondent attempts to place us in rather a ridiculous light, by exposing what seemed to him our glaring inconsistencies. To do this—he quotes a little incident in our experience, which we related in our last communication (Sunday Schools No 2.) It was in substance as follows. We asked a Sunday school pupil which of two boys was the more religious, the boy who was always light hearted; happy as the happiest in all the *innocent* sports of youth; always good and kind; or, the boy who was never active in those sports, but spent all the time when other boys were playing, in prayer and the perusal of the Bible. The answer of the pupil (responded to by all the rest of his class) was, that the *latter* was the most religious.

After quoting this, P. asks triumphantly, Now, Mr Editor, do you think that *that* class had an amusing teacher?' and again, 'Is not then 'a Teacher' convicted by his own illustration?'

Now one would think from this, that we had related the above anecdote to illustrate the position that *the object of many teachers is simply to amuse.* Were this the *fact*, then indeed were we 'convicted by our own illustration?' But such, fortunately for our reputation, was not the fact, *and P. knows it.* On the contrary, we used it to illustrate the position, *that the idea is too prevalent that religion can not be rendered other than a task to the young mind*; indeed, it was related immediately after the following remarks. 'Forming our opinion rather from the *practices* than the words of teachers, we should judge that religion was a cold principle, suited only to the misanthropic, and utterly inconsistent with that buoyancy of mind, that simplicity and artlessness, which constitute at once the peculiarity and the ornament of childhood.

But to take P. on his own ground. Does the fact that *some teachers* represent religion to be a cold and barren principle, clash at all with the assertion that *certain other teachers* attempt nothing more than the amusement of their classes? Indeed might not the *same* teacher do *both*? Further still. Would not the Teacher whose sense of duty could be satisfied by his simply amusing his pupils be the one most likely (when he did speak of religion) to speak of it so coldly, so heartlessly, so *dully*, as to leave the impression that it was a dry, dull, uninteresting subject? We think so.

To crown the whole, P. says in conclusion 'A Teacher' leads us to infer that in his opinion *innocent* meriment is not inconsistent with religion:—and then adds, 'why then blame the Sunday School Teacher for amusing his class on the Sabbath Day?' But a sorry compliment, Mr Editor, does this question pay to the understanding of your readers or our humble self.

Yankee like, however, we will answer P's question by another.

Doubtless he admits that it is right to play 'bat and ball.' Why not teach and practise the science in our Sunday Schools.

'But enough. When your correspondent will point our the real' inconsistencies in our article then will we listen, act and (by your leave) *write.*

A TEACHER.

The Lonely Cottager.—A pious cottager, residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a Christian visiter, 'Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?' replied, 'O no, sir, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS. NO. 2.

Mr Editor,—In a former communication upon the subject of Missionary Efforts I endeavored to establish the position that Christian truth is the divinely appointed means of human sanctification. I now proceed to another Gospel principle. It is this—*that those to whom Christian truth is communicated are to regard themselves as having received that truth upon trust to be by their efforts dispensed for the good of others.* Indeed, if I mistake not, this is a general principle applicable to all the various blessings of life. Have you been blessed with wealth, with talents, with influence? These are given in the first place for your own benefit and enjoyment. But in addition to this there is an obligation resting upon you, an obligation to do good with your wealth, your talents, your influence, to devote them all to the glory of God by devoting them all to the good of your fellow men. They are all to be baptized into the name of Jesus. There is to be written upon them all, holiness to the Lord. Such I believe to be the general spirit of the Gospel in regard to all the blessings of life. But especially is this the Gospel principle in regard to that highest and best behest of God to man, Christian Truth. This truth was first communicated by our Savior to the apostles. It was given to them in the first place, for their own good, that they might themselves experience and enjoy its power; that by this power they might be regenerated, purified and made fit subjects of heavenly joys. But this was not the only purpose for which Christian truth was given them. It was given them that they might dispense it abroad for the good of others. Our Savior's command was, go ye into all the world, teaching and proselyting all nations. The spirit of this command is the spirit of the Gospel. It is applicable to every one who professes to be a true Christian. The language of our Savior now to every one of his followers is, go ye and teach all nations. Let your influence always be exerted in favor of the spiritual good of mankind. This is a point in regard to which we are in great danger of mistake. When we hear the exhortations of the Gospel to do good, we conclude that we are complying with them if we are kind to our neighbors in sickness and poverty, if we do what we may to promote their temporal happiness. This is very well as far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. Of this we may be assured if we will look at the example of our Savior. The Savior was kind to men in sickness. He relieved their distresses and healed their diseases. He even exerted his miraculous powers for this purpose. But was this the grand purpose of his mission? He felt that it was not. The great purpose of his life was to deal with the maladies of the inner man—to heal spiritual diseases—to promote spiritual growth and improvement. So should it be with us. Like him we should be kind to our fellow men when in poverty, sickness or distress of any kind. These things ought we to do. But we should remember at the same time, that there are weightier matters than these which demand attention—that men have spiritual natures, and higher interests than any which relate merely to this world; and that it is the peculiarity of Gospel benevolence that it leads its subjects to look after these spiritual interests and to make sacrifice of time, talents and worldly substance for the advancement of these spiritual interests. And it is not merely a question of expediency, it is a matter of solemn duty, that we devote ourselves to the spiritual good of mankind. We are too apt to regard benevolent efforts, especially when these efforts have reference to the spread of religion, to missionary efforts technically so called, as what may perhaps be well in their places; but as mere matters of expediency which we may engage in or neglect as we see fit. But it is not so. If we would be Christians, we cannot neglect putting forth exertions for the spread of Christianity, for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, for the spiritual improvement of mankind. We cannot neglect this without sinning—sinning against the spirit of our religion, against the example of our Savior, against the requirement of our God. Let it be remembered then that those who receive Christian truth receive it in trust—that they are stewards in the sight of God and of the Savior, accountable for the manner in which they discharge the duties and their stewardship, for the exertions which they put forth for the spread of Christian truth, for the promotion of Christian piety.

J. W.

Portland, Me.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 29, 1837.

MR ALCOTT.

It seems that the attacks upon this gentleman which have appeared in various public Journals, are raising up some strong and zealous defenders of his personal character, his publications, and his system. The article on our first page, from a correspondent whose opinions are entitled to respect, and whose opportunities for becoming acquainted with Mr Alcott's plan of instruction have been peculiarly good, was already set up, when we received from Louisville, Kentucky, several loose sheets of the *March number* of the WESTERN MESSENGER—containing a brief critique upon Mr A's *Conversations, &c.* in which that gentleman is spoken of in terms of high commendation.

The package was accompanied by a letter part of which we publish below, communicating a request that we would insert the Review, &c. in the Register of this week. This request we should not hesitate to comply with, were it not for the Article already prepared on the same subject.

We have personal and ample reason to assent to the strictures, upon the boasted *toleration* of this enlightened and free community, in which our esteemed friend indulges in his letter; for to say the truth, we came very near to suffering martyrdom ourself, nay were very threatened with the Inquisition, because we had the audacity to say a word in defence, of a man who appeared to us to have been generally misunderstood, and maltreated. Not that the plain, humble editorial which treated of Mr A contained any very full and decided expressions of praise, for, at best, our commendation would have been regarded as equivocal and qualified in the case of any body else—but because we cried out '*have mercy,' let him be judged, he is a pure-minded man, Behold there are germs of beauty and truth in the midst of all his heresies,* when the general cry was—*let him be crucified.*

But, *thank God,* that we did have our say and that we said what we did—though, forsooth, the chair in which we sit did for a while tremble under us. Our fiery baptism of freedom is past—and we feel all the firmer and easier now it is over.

But, in sober earnest, it has been our misfortune to feel, very acutely, that there is some cause for our Brother's retort upon us of the East, which we know to be meant all in good faith.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Louisville, April 15th, 1837.

My dear friend and brother,—I have seen in many of the Boston papers weighty charges brought against a late work by Mr Alcott. It is described by some as a book which no decent person ought to have in his house and no decent bookseller expose on his counter. I see also that it is advertised in the Register, accompanied by an extract from an article of mine in the Western Messenger, speaking of it in the highest terms of praise. Finding the view taken of this book, by persons whose judgment I highly respect, so different from my own, I felt called upon either to retract or defend the position I had taken. It seems to me that this book has been hastily judged and prematurely condemned. On examining the objections brought against it, I do not find that they justify at all the very severe censure passed upon the work while its extraordinary merits seem entirely overlooked. I wish to express this opinion and since the Messenger will not be published for a fortnight, I send you the accompanying article which is already in type for our May No. I request that it may be inserted in the Register, unless it should come too late to be read with interest, or unless the power of *public opinion* in Boston should bear so heavily against this little book and its author as to make it unsafe for any paper to say a word in its defence. As LYNCHING seems quite as fashionable with you in the East as with us, I apprehend from the tone of authority in which some of the papers declared that the school must be put down, that it was their object to excite a mob against the unhappy perpetrator of this new plan of education. We boast ourselves of our toleration, and wonder at the persecutions of past times, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; but I am afraid we are, after all, the children of them which killed the prophets. It is very easy to wonder at those who hung Quakers, much easier than to show any toleration to those who seem to us at the present time to be broaching pestilent doctrines and strange usages.

There is one charge brought against the book which I have not noticed. It is very plainly accused of being an indecent book. There is such a thing as a prurient modesty, there is a morality of so strait laced a character as to excite strong suspicions of its not being the genuine article. It seems to me that the modesty of that person might well be suspected in whose mind any passages of these volumes could awaken impure associations. I have not yet met with the passage which any one need blush to read in the presence of pure and virtuous females. In a company of licentious men, they might, I grant, give occasion for improper thoughts and words. And what will not? But surely whether the passages are in good taste or not, great injustice is done by those who blame the author so severely for inserting them without hinting that his *intention* was just the reverse of what they expect the result to be. The *object* of Mr Alcott in these passages so

much objected to, is plainly to arm the young mind with holy and chaste associations on those subjects which are usually the source of sensual and low feelings. He means to connect them with grave and serious thoughts and to prevent the introduction of others. He is acting on the principle, 'If I want, with certainty to prevent a man from filling a basket with chaff, I will fill it with wheat first.' Right or wrong then as you may think him, you ought to say that it was his purpose and aim to promote in the most effectual manner the cause of purity and holiness. The impression which has been made that he was a willing agent of wickedness is a most unjust aspersion upon one of the best of men.

If you will give place in your paper to these remarks and the accompanying article you will oblige your friend.

EDITOR OF WESTERN MESSENGER.

We have received *Addresses &c. on the seventeenth anniversary of the Mercantile Library Association*—containing an Address by Isaac C. Pray, Jr. A. M., a poem by Lovet Stimson, Jr.--together with the Remarks of Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, and his Excellency Edward Everett, on that occasion. A public celebration so well conducted, and signalized by such sound, spirited, and interesting remarks as those published in this pamphlet, cannot fail of advancing the interests of this excellent Association.

The objects of the Institution are not, perhaps, sufficiently known to the public. It was established in this city in 1820, by young men engaged in mercantile pursuits, for the purpose of 'establishing a Library consisting of such works as are of approved authority and character, and adapted to disseminate useful and entertaining knowledge; also to establish a class for the improvement of the members in Elocution and Debates and to form a Cabinet of coin and curiosities. Any young man engaged in mercantile pursuits who shall pay into the Treasury two dollars and subscribe to the constitution may be a member.'

The Association has already been instrumental in doing much good, and may, and doubtless will be much more extensively useful in time to come. The Society numbers more than 500 members, possesses a Library containing about 4000 volumes—and supports a Reading room.

MY SAVIOR.

This is the title of a small and neat book lately published by J. B. Dow. It is an American reprint of the English edition. The author is *Rev. John East*, M. A. Rector of Croscombe, Somerset, Eng.

The very first sentence of the *American Editor's preface*, gave us some idea of what we were to expect from the volume---here it is,

'If any person dislike the old-fashioned doctrine of the proper divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, let him not purchase the ensuing little work, unless he purchase with a desire to read what has been written by one who likes that doctrine. It is a book to be bought and read by those who delight in that 'great mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh.' Let such purchase and peruse it.

Another part of the preface struck us as being rather singular and as savoring a little too much of old-fashioned Priestcraft to go down with an enlightened New England community.

'Its author *takes it for granted* that there are texts enough in the Bible, *argumentatively* handled, to demonstrate the doctrine that there is One God, existing as revealed in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and, assuming this position, does not hesitate to use, in reference to Christ, a multitude of other texts, not usually brought forward in severe argument on this subject. In fact he finds Christ every where the great subject of the Bible. Clearly revealed, in numerous texts, as God our Savior, he sees him shining with a half-suppressed but still glorious light, through numerous others. His great doctrine clearly established in his own mind by the former, he does not scruple to use it as a key to unlock the true sense, and unfold the rich treasures of the latter.

The idea of the book is excellent, it being a series of devotional meditations in prose and verse on the names and titles of the Lord Jesus Christ. But for the honor of the Holy Scriptures, for respect to reason and common sense, we must say that a book more disgusting, more absurd, and more dishonest in the handling of the Word of God, it has never been our ill-fortune to meet with.

The objectionable passages are so abundant that we know not where to select evidences of the truth of our opinion. We will give a few at random.

EIGHTH MEDITATION. *Counsellor.*

'He is one of the Triune council, who are represented as deliberating upon the creation and redemption of man: a counsellor of Jehovah; and also a divine person in Jehovah. 'Who,' asks the prophet Isaiah,—'Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, being his counsellor, hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?' Yes, who but a person truly and essentially divine, could sustain such an office as this?

The following expressions occur in the course of the volume.

'The dread alternative lay here—between
Man's total, irrecoverable doom,
And death transferr'd to Deity itself.
God chose, as man, for man to die the death.'

'My Everlasting Father bled,
And dwelt for me amongst the dead.'

O look upon thy child,
Whose ransom cost thy blood:
In crowds, or lonely wild,
Or on the raging flood,
Thy strong parental arm extend,
And o'er his steps protecting bend.'

'My Savior is the Everlasting Father. Christ being God is the Everlasting Father of the universe. He is the author of existence to all, and the author of a new and spiritual life to his people. 'For, have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?'

'My Savior is celebrated in that splendid song of his triumph, which St. Paul quotes in reference to his ascension, as 'A Father of the fatherless.'

'May not this view of the Savior's parental relation to his people, help to explain the Lord's Prayer, and to rescue it from that neglect into which it has fallen, through a misunderstanding, with many good people? For does not that prayer admit of being addressed to the Lord Jesus Christ in all its parts? We cannot imagine that when, in answer to their request he taught his disciples to pray, he composed and gave them a form of supplication, which should not include himself as the object of their worship. It is, in fact, a filial address from the children to their Triune Father in heaven—to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as their Father by creation, redemption, and regeneration. 'They are all *together* the Christian's God; and both *distinctly* and *together* the Christian's Father.'

We do not know a book which we would sooner put into the hands of an intelligent man to convince him that the doctrine of the Trinity is both unscriptural and irrational. We cannot believe that the American Editor will find many among us to sympathise with him in his relish for the doctrines of this book.

Some of the poetry is really very fine, and may be admired by all Christains.

The following is a fair specimen.

In those lone hours when musing grief
Refuses sympathy from man,
And shrinks from ev'ry proffer'd plan,
Of soothing comfort, or relief;
How sweet the hopes, which then descend
Upon the lorn and blighted breast,
As dews which on the mountains rest,
That heav'n contains a Savior, Friend.

Upon the friendless soul he smiles,
When upward turns the tearful eye,
And, from his fire-cloud in the sky,
The pilgrim's lonely path beguiles:
And when with weary steps and slow,
He paces o'er the parched plain,
To quench his thirst and ease his pain,
The stricken rocks with fountains flow.

O place me then where spreading trees
Ne'er throw their shadow o'er the soil,
Where rock or sand mocks human toil,
Nor ever sighs the cooling breeze;
One form with all the scene shall blend
A soft'ning shade—a balmy peace,
And all my thoughts from care release,
The faith-seen presence of my Savior, Friend.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE A. U. A.

In my last I spoke of New Orleans. While there I repeatedly visited the burying grounds,—not merely from an idle curiosity, as those places are often visited, but to collect facts, which might, in some way be useful; that the dead might thus teach the living.

The Catholic burying ground was interesting to me. In the arrangement, the size, and elegance of its tombs and monuments it is, perhaps, surpassed by none in the United States. As you pass down the broad shell-paved avenue in the centre of it, you are reminded (so high are the tombs on the sides) of a street in a city, Affection has surrounded the tombs with shrubs, and placed on them pots of flowers and plants, which appear to have been often visited and watered. Is not that custom worthy of imitation? Would it not improve the heart? It appears to me that we neglect the dead, and appear to forget our departed friends. At any rate, this is often said of us by those of other nations. Why may we not on this subject learn a lesson from some of the Europeans, and from one of the European kings, who has erected in his garden to the memory of his wife a small marble edifice resembling a temple, in which is a beautifully wrought marble image of her, lying in a bed, and represented as sleeping; and he never forgets, at stated periods, to visit the hallowed spot with garlands of flowers. And all the members of the family of different ages, each with its appropriate garland, regularly resort there.

But I was more deeply interested in the Protestant burying ground; for there I saw the names of many places and persons quite familiar to me. And I thought of the wounded hearts of distant friends, and I could not but sympathize with them.

On visiting it one day with a brother clergyman, I proposed to him, as we entered the gate, to count a hundred of the tombs along the left hand wall, in order to ascertain how great a proportion of those buried there were from our state. We counted only the tombs of those whose places of residence were mentioned. And it must be remembered that persons are buried there from all parts of the country and every part of the world. And how many out of the hundred do you think were from Massachusetts? *Twenty one.* Over one fifth. They were mostly young men, from 18 to 25. The proportion however would not be as great throughout. Yet you would be surprised to find how many of the sons of that state and of New-England have there found an early grave, I forbear to make any comment upon these facts. And will only add that the health and moral condition of that city are, I was told, improving. As the American population has increased, churches have been multiplied, and I hope many more will ere long be built by Christians of different denominations, and filled with devout worshippers. The Rev. Mr Clapp and his society are substantially of our faith. And when the new society is established, I shall feel that, as a denomination, we are doing our part towards advancing the interests of practical religion in that great and highly important city. I have just received from there very encouraging accounts respecting the subscription for a church which was commenced before I left. My correspondent states, that 'we shall unquestionably have our wishes fulfilled,' that 'a lot has been engaged,' 'and that we shall certainly have a Unitarian church before twelve months have gone over our heads.' 'The plan is to have things pretty well under way this Summer, and to get some popular preacher to come in the Autumn and finish the work.'

I was requested to visit Alexandria, a flourishing town on Red River, La. But the letter, which was directed to me at Mobile, I did not receive till I was in Tennessee. The Rev Dr Flint of Salem, who is passing the winter there for the benefit of his health, wrote me that his friends were desirous of establishing a Unitarian church in that place. 'It is certainly their wish' he says, 'that an able Unitarian minister should be settled here. They tell me there is little doubt but that such a minister might gather a respectable society; that a handsome salary would be easily raised among the opulent planters and others in the village and neighborhood; and that a house for public worship would be erected.'

'There is here a sort of 'tabula rasa,' where a talented and eloquent man might introduce the pure Gospel, and make it a radiating point from which light might be diffused over a wide extent of this rich country. No doubt there would be an attempt to put down the Unitarian doctrine; but I think you might be sure of a general and candid hearing.'

I stopped at Natches, Grand Gulf, and Vicksburg, in Mississippi. There are Unitarians in those places and likewise in Port Gibson. At Nashville, Tenn. I found several who are interested in our views. They were mostly from Mass, R. I. and Maine; and seemed very desirous that I should preach and explain our doctrines; which had there, as almost every where else, been grossly misrepresented. I accordingly preached to them several times.

They procured the use of the State House and the Campbellite church. I preached in both of those places to respectable audiences. A number, who before knew nothing of our views, became deeply interested in them, and requested me to remain longer. And when I left it was the general opinion that nothing was wanting to establish a good society there but an able and experienced preacher for a few months. That they might not be without the means of growth and improvement, I formed an Auxiliary Association among them, and shall send them the publications of the A. U. A. William T. Berry Esq. is the Agent. I was requested to send them a clergyman as soon as I could procure one; and they would (a few individual offering to do this) defray his travelling expenses. The people of Nashville are intelligent, refined, and hospitable. And besides being the seat of government, it is the centre of an important part of the country. I sincerely hope that the expectations of our brethren in the faith there will not be disappointed. And that ere long they will be able to worship God in accordance with their views and feelings.

MR BROWNSON.

We are informed that this Gentleman is engaged in establishing a new Unitrarian Society in this City—differing in no essential particular from the existing Churches of the same denomination.

He has already commenced a Sunday school under happy auspices. It is to be hoped that Mr B. will meet with success corresponding to his zeal and industry, and many peculiar merits as a preacher of truth and righteousness.

The chief peculiarity of his society is, that it carries the voluntary principle to the extremest limit. Mr B. will, no doubt attract, and interest in religion some minds, that no other minister among us could reach so well.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR MAY.

We have read the forth-coming number with great pleasure. The Articles are, Muzzey's Young Man's Friend. Funeral Discourse on Dr Howard. Dr Bloomfield's Greek Testament. Jouffroy's Contributions to Philosophy. The passion for Accumulation. Schiller's Song of the Bell. Physical Theory of another Life. Lincoln's History of Worcester. Notices and Intelligence.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

We have received the February No. of this popular periodical from Weeks, Jordan & Co. Agents for the Review.

We are sorry to learn that the Rev. Mr Burton has been compelled to leave his Parish at Waltham on account of ill health—but are happy to hear that the necessity is cause of mutual regret to the parties concerned; and also to understand that although Mr B. is unable to study and write, he is not incapacitated for preaching.

We are glad to hear that the Unitarian Society in Ellsworth, (Maine)—is in a flourishing condition, and that it has unanimously called Mr William D. Wiswall to its charge.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We publish, to day, two Obituary Notices which came too late for last week's paper.

A few communications are necessarily deferred.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.

The committee of the Congregational Charitable Society for the relief of deceased clergymen, appointed to nominate its beneficiaries, request information from ministers, and others, on this subject. The age, the amount of property and of income, the number of children dependent on the mother, their sex and age, the ability of the widow to help herself and the help she receives from others, are subjects on which the committee require precise information. This information must be communicated to Dr Pierce of Brookline, Professor Palfrey of Cambridge, or the subscriber, on, or before, Saturday 20 of May next.

CHARLES LOWELL, *Chairman of Com.*
April 12.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It may not be known to many of your readers, that the services of a free Episcopal Church are regularly held every Lord's day, in the old Franklin school-house, now Ward-room No. 11, in Tremont St. with encouraging prospects of usefulness. A Sunday school is attached. By noticing the fact in your paper, the cause of religion and virtue may be promoted, in every advance of which, you will doubtless rejoice. *The seats are free to all.* M'C B.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

EDWARD HENRY KETTELL.

Died at the Island of St. Croix, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Edward Henry Kettell, aged 19 years, son of John Kettell, of this city and a member of the Senior Class of Harvard University.

In the death of this young gentleman his parents have sustained an irretrievable loss, and his classmates have been called upon to lament the early fate of a beloved and highly respected brother. Though snatched away in the freshness of youth, he had won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and he has left behind him a memory, that needs not the aid of hackneyed eulogiums. His gentleness and kindness of feeling, his unassuming manners, and his unspotted character awakened in the hearts of all the strongest sympathy and affection, and knit stronger the ties, that naturally exist between members of the same class. Though death at any period of life is mournful, yet it is particularly so, when the young and promising, the solace of parents and the pride of friends, are called upon to answer its dreary summons. But sad as it is, his friends and classmates may console themselves with the thought that he died worthy of all the blessings of a better life, and they will fondly cherish the remembrance of his talents and kind feelings,—his sterling worth as a friend, a scholar and a christian. He was taken away, when affections, enkindled in the warmth of youth, had been strengthened by time, and all his bright qualities had been fully developed, and had entwined themselves around all hearts. His friends will ever say of him,

'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'

SENIOR CLASS.

FOR THE REGISTE AND OBSERVR.

MRS. SARAH JARVIS.

Died at Ellsworth, Me. in the 84th year of her age, Sarah Jarvis, daughter of Joseph Scott, of Newport, R. I., and relict of Leonard Jarvis, late of Surry, Me.

The weak voice of earthly praise or censure is alike unheard by the departed; the notice of the dead, is not then, so much on their account, as for those who yet remain. The phrase—'say nothing of the dead, unless truth,' will warrant the language of praise, is founded on the high moral sentiment, that if we would be ourselves virtuous, virtue, not vice, should be our theme.

The whole life of the deceased, is fraught with the moral, that by the exercise of the Christian virtues in this world, though the shafts of misfortune may not be averted, yet the wounds inflicted will not be incurable.

Endowed by nature, with a strong mind and uncommon energy of character, her constant endeavor was the correct discharge of her duty to God and man, and in this, were included those duties, which more appropriately devolve upon woman.

The companion and friend of her husband, never repining, always cheerful, she was a source of consolation and support to him in adversity. The kind monitress of her children, surmounting the blind partiality of the mother, her care was to eradicate, not conceal or gloss over, the faults of their characters; by the mildness and regularity of her government, she secured their most ardent love while in infancy, and her influence over them in their maturer years. A friend the most devoted, relying on that being, on whose protecting care she reposed with entire confidence; the plague and pestilence, had no terror, to make her avoid the bed of sickness; for her's was not the morbid sensibility that only pitied, but the active benevolence, which exerted itself to relieve distress. Her sense of justice, was the strong marked feature of her character; justice in the true Christian acceptation of the term; justice tempered with charity and benevolence. Under the guidance of this heavenly principle, her strong feelings always subjected to her reason, an unceasing and habitual control over her temper, she commanded the respect and conciliated and retained the love of all who knew her. Though time with increasing years had enfeebled the powers of her mind, yet time itself shrunk from marring the kindness of a heart, which continued to the last keenly susceptible to the welfare of others. Her children and friends cannot but mourn her loss, but their loss is her gain, and the selfish feeling having subsided, they will look forward to a reunion with their mother and friend in that hallowed region, where death never intervenes, to part those who love.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

EZEKIEL LINCOLN.

Died in this city, Mr Ezekiel Lincoln, aged 20, for many years a member of the Mechanics Apprentices Library Association.

How fondly does memory linger around the characters of those we have loved, especially when they have been companions with us in our boyish days. Such was he to us, whose death we have been called to mourn; beloved, respected and admired by all who knew him. With what eager delight did he look forward to the time, when he hoped to come forward and perform his part on the great theatre of life! But how are our fond hopes blasted! How do all our expectations fail!

Of him, it may be truly said, 'he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow.' From him did she expect great things; and surely with good reason, for he had always been a dutiful son, affectionate brother and sincere friend. The relatives whose hearts must feel so severe a shock, at his sudden death, will derive from their own piety, and his virtues, the only sure consolation. They will not grieve as those without hope, for they know that of virtuous friends, the separation is short—the reunion eternal.

His death is not only a severe loss to his relatives and friends, but to the Institution to which he belonged. Who of us that listened to his able and excellent address, on the 22d of February, expected to see him so soon laid low in the dust. Thus may we learn, 'that whilst in the midst of life, we are in death,' and that it becomes us all like him, to be prepared for its coming. His mind was invigorated by study and enlightened by knowledge, his principles correct, his religion practical and sincere. His youth gave a promise that his manhood would reflect honor on his friends and prove a blessing to his country; but, alas! he is called away in the vigor of his life and his worthy future is not for earth to see. His death has therefore excited deep sorrow, but we feel, that he was called away for a great and good purpose, we feel that he has gone to meet his reward in another and a better world, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' May we be led to feel this world is not our abiding place, that we are fast travelling to another, and that sooner or later we shall have to render up our account.

'Yet not for him our tears be shed,
For 'blessed are the holy dead;'
'Tis not himself Death's arms enfold—
'Tis but his semblance he can hold.
Then not for him our tears be shed,
For blessed are the holy dead.
Ah! weep for those who still remain,
Subject to sorrow, sin, and pain.

J. M. L.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Times.—Under this head our secular papers publish accounts of the embarrassments and failures in the commercial world. It is certainly, at present a time of almost unparalleled distress in the commercial world. The following appalling picture of the state of affairs at New Orleans, is from the 'Bee,' of that city.

Probably the commercial affairs of New Orleans were never previously or apparently in so awful a condition—merchants find it their interest to suspend payments, rather than continue business under the present fearful risks and pecuniary sacrifices: and banks feel it to be their duty to secure themselves first, and afterwards think of benefitting the community. The excitement, the terror, the panic—or whatever you please to term the state of public feeling—pervades all ranks; merchants have no confidence in each other; and banks distrust their rivals. To negotiate the best paper by brokers from 5 to 6 per cent per month is required; and even payment is required to be guaranteed.

It is feared that there are only two or three of the large commission houses can forbear from becoming really or apparently insolvent. It is feared that all the cotton buyers of the present and last season, must suffer like the cotton factors; and that the cotton planters cannot survive the shock. And afterwards, it is dreaded that all the notes on mortgages of property lately sold in Louisiana and Mississippi, will be little better than waste paper.

The liabilities of the cotton factors and buyers are commensurate with the exports of the city—say 75 millions; including the responsibilities of the actual planters, the amount may be 100 millions. But taking into consideration the amount due on land or real estate speculation, the actual indebtedness of New Orleans may be fairly estimated at $200,000,000. From what sources can this amount be presently produced? Acceptances have been given twelve months in advance on crops, cotton buyers will lose nearly 40 per cent on their purchases and exportations.

Relief is almost impossible; and some of the most discreet and experienced citizens judge it perferable to allow the evils, their present onward and fearful course; which may probably continue for 6 or 8 months longer. The commercial horizon is so obscured, that scarcely a ray of hope glimmers in the vista. All is darkness, doubt and despair.

In New York many heavy failures have taken place, confidence in the country banks is shaken, and merchants want confidence in one another. There is said to be at this time 17 millions of dollars now lying unused as private deposits in the Banks in the city of New York. By the most recent accounts, the prospects are in some degree brightening.

The cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore seem to have felt the pressure of the times less severely. In our own city there has been and still continues to be great pressure and distress, though the courage of merchants seems to have been strengthened, by the favorable views from England in regard to money affairs.

The importations of the past year have been, we are told $125,000,000 more than the exports; and besides this 40,000,000 of specie have been imported. How is this debt to be paid off, but by the return of the specie, the balance of trade being already against us? The future exports will, at most only meet the future importations. It is to be hoped they may not again exceed the exports, for if we believe the celebrated John Locke, a nation grows so much poorer, in proportion as her imports exceeds her exports. He says;—

'It upon a general balance of our whole trade, we yearly import commodities from other parts to the value of an hundred thousand pounds more than our commodities exported pay for, we every year grow an hundred thousand pounds poorer. And if, besides that, we should also import a million in bullion from Spain every year, yet it is not ours; it is no increase to our wealth, nor can it stay here; but must be exported again, every grain of it, with an hundred thousand pounds of our own money to boot.'

'Particular debtors and creditors are only changed by bills of Exchange: but the debt, owing from one country to another cannot be paid without real effects sent thither, either in commodities or money. Money must be sent, or the debt cannot be paid.'

'It is death in Spain to export money: and yet they who furnish all the world with gold and silver have least of it among themselves. Trade fetches it away notwithstanding all their artificial and forced contrivances to keep it there. It follows trade, against the rigor of their laws, and their want of foreign commodities makes it openly be carried out at noon-day.'

Fuel Societies.—We learn that the mechanics in this city are making preparation to purchase their fuel, flour, vegetables, &c. &c., for the coming season. One company in the north part of the city, has made arrangements for their winter's wood. They can have their wood delivered on a wharf in Boston for $5,50 or 5,75, wharfage 12 1-2 cents per cord, piling 12 1-2, surveying, say 8 cents, carting perhaps 40 cents. Thus for about $6,50 per cord, they will supply themselves with fuel for the year, that would cost them when actually needed 10 and 11 dollars per cord.—*Reformer.*

Mexico.—New Orleans papers of April 14th give news from the city of Mexico to March 16th. The condition of the country is deplorable. It is represented as under the control of the Priests. A writer says 'The padres manage every thing here. Government, congress, military and judicial institutions, all bow to the mitre?' Again, 'the priests are using all their influence to keep Gen. Bustamente from being elected, and have the votes cast for Alamand, a notorious Jesuit, and opposed to all liberal principles in this department (State.)

The result of these efforts of the priests, it is apprehended, will be a bloody revolution. The writer continues,—

'No mention is now made of the grand expedition against Texas; that question may be considered as settled. What, if any, arrangement will be proposed to satisfy the demands of the United States and France, is a matter of speculation. If General Bustamente is elected, he will no doubt do all in his power for an honorable and satisfactory settlement with those powers, and it is also believed that he will set about a reformation in the church. If he does not destroy their (the priests) political influence, and appropriate a portion of their immense property, the country will never be rescued from its degradation and misery. Assasinations and robberies become daily more common; the former average about six every twenty-four hours. Of the vice and moral condition of the country, no person living in a civilized Christian country can form an idea.

Another letter from Mexico, of Mardh 25th says—

The priests are making great efforts to defeat Gen. Bustamente, and elect Alamand, a fanatical Jesuit. Should they succeed, you may expect to hear of a bloody revolution, for the military will proclaim for Gen. B., and the liberal party will support him; and it will be the onset against the licentious priesthood, who now rule this fine country with an iron rod, and you may depend they will get the property which has been accumulating by fraud and roguery for centuries.

The opinion circulated at New Orleans, of the state and prospects of Mexico and Texas may be learned by the following, from the New Orleans True American of April 14th.

The brig Cazenove, from Vera Cruz the 25th of March, arrived yesterday, bringing intelligence that the expedition against Texas, is abandoned. The general opinion is, that Mexico will never attempt to reconquer the republic. Santa Ana is daily growing in favor with the lower classes of the people, and there is no doubt thst he will yet reach the Presidential chair. Money is scarce, and the Government cannot procure funds to pay what few soldiers have been left.

The brig Independence, destined for the Mexican navy has been sold, and will shortly leave for Baltimore via this city. She went ashore some time since at Key West, and having been got off, on her arrival at Vera Cruz, was bought by an American house. A French frigate had arrived. Four others were expected from Martinique. Their object was to demand a restoration of the forced loan made on the French citizens.

Poor Mexico! she is in a sad way. Intestine divisions distract her Government, while America and France threaten vengeance if prompt restitution is not made for impositions upon their citizens. What will she do? Put Santa Ana at the head of affairs. He is the only man calculated to govern his *lazzaroni* countryman. He will satisfy the demands of France and the United States in a way that will save the honor of Mexico.

Outbreakings continue throughout the whole country, in consequence of the order depressing the value of copper coin. The United States sloop of war Natchez had sailed from Vera Cruz for Tampico and other Mexican ports, to see the United States flag respected, and to prevent any depredations from being committed on our vessels.

From England—The packet ship George Washington arrived at New York on Monday, having sailed from Liverpool March 24th, and bringing London papers to the 23d. She brings commercial intelligence of interest, and of a more favorable character than was apprehended. It appears from the London papers, and from letters quoted by the N. Y. papers, that an arrangement has been made by the American Bankers in London, with the Bank of England, by which they obtain effective relief for the present emergency, and that an arrangement had been made, by which the Bank of the United States would be authorized to draw to the amount of £2,000,000, on conditions which are not clearly explained in the accounts which have reached us. There was a further depression in the price of cotton. Prices are lower than at any time previous since 1831, and very near the lowest prices of that year.

It was understood that the packet brought back protested bills to the amount of only about $30,000.

The British Legion in Spain under General Evans, had met with a severe check, and been compelled to retreat to St. Sebastian, with the loss of 1,000 men killed and wounded.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 20th inst. in the Church on Church Green, by the Rev. Mr Young, Mr Theodore Parker to Miss Lydia D. Cabot.

In Dorchester, on the 19th inst. by Rev. Mr Hall, Rev. Richard S. Edes, of Eastport, to Miss Mary Cushing of Dorchester.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr Hall, Rev. Wm. E. Abbot, of Billerica, to Miss Ann S. Wales, of D.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Wednesday last, Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr C. C. Cutter, 37.

On Friday, 21st inst. Hon. Jesse Putnam, 83.

On 11th inst., of consumption, Mr. John R. Howe, aged 29.

In Monday, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Deacon James Foster.

In Charlestown, on Tuesday morning, Mr Jonathan Barker, aged 45 years.

In St. Croix, March 17, Edward Henry Kettell, 19, son of John Kettell, of this city.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST, With poetical notes and illustrations. By Rev. T. B. Fox. Vol. 1 will be published next week.—A part of the edition will be put in cheap binding for Sunday schools. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
a 29

STORIES FOR SMALL AND LARGE CHILDREN, by Solomon Proser, of Rustic Hedge Parsonage.
The first number of the series, entitled Richard Fustian and Widow Bently, will be published immediately at the Literary Rooms 121 Washington St.
a 29 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

ENGLISH BOOKS,
THIS day received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Lamb's Dramatic Works, 2v; do Poetical works 1v; Goldsmith's Miscellaneous works, 2v; Forcellini's Lexicon, 2v, 4to; Chamber's Scottish Biography, 4v, 8vo; Waverly Novels, 8vo, 16mo; Monk of Cirmes, 1 v; Shaksperian Dictionary, 1v; Shakspeare, harness edition, 8v, 8vo; Gordon on Locomotion, 1v, 8vo; Barnes's History of the Cotton Manufactory; Pictorial Bible, parts 11 and 12; Southey's Cowper, 10v, 16mo; Crabbe's Works, 8v, 16mo; Byron's Works, 17v, 16mo; Burn's Works, 8v, 16mo; Hannah Moore's Works, 6v; Campbell's Poetical Works, 2v; Crabbe's Poetical works 1v, 8vo; Bacon's Life of Francis 1st, 2v, 8vo; Lewis on Chess; Memoirs of Napoleon, 2v, 8vo, plates; Gell's Pompeian, 2v, 8vo, plates; Stewart on Steam Engine, 2v; Southey's Life of Cowper, 3v, &c. &c. for sale at 134 Washington street. a 29

H. MARTINEAU'S SOCIETY IN AMERICA. THE first number of this work, to be published in ten Nos. will be received at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, next week, where subscriptions are received. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

CHANNING ON TEMPERANCE.
DR CHANNING'S Sermon delivered at the request of the council of the Mass. Temperance Society at the Odeon, Feb. 28, 1837, this day published in an elegant octavo, 120 pages, cloth, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. a 29

HISTORY OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
THE Sunday School Teacher for April, just published, contains No. 1. of a series of articles on the History of Sunday Schools from the earliest date to the present time.—Price 1. 50 per year—54 pages monthly.—At the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, where all the Manuals, Books, &c. are supplied on the most favorable terms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. a 29

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES &c.
ALL the Manuals, Hymn Books, Prayers, &c used in Sunday Schools, and Books for Sunday School Libraries, are published and for sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street. Those who are replenishing their Libraries, by sending their present Catalogue to our Room, can have all those not on them furnished, with liberty to return such as are not wanted. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. a 29

MORAL RESURRECTION.
A SERMON, preached at the ordination of Rev. Oliver C. Everett, as Pastor of the first Congregational Church in Northfield, Wednesday, March 8, 1837, by John Pierpont, Minister of Hollis St Church, Boston, with the charge, and the Right Hand of Fellowship. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st a 29

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WARMING &C.
THE theory and Practice of warming, and ventilating Public Buildings, Dwelling Houses, &c. with a description of Stoves, Grates, &c. by an Engineer, London 1 vol. 8vo. Received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. a 29

GRAHAM ON BREAD. A Treatise on Bread and Bread-making, by Sylvester Graham; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. a 29

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS. JAMES MUNROE & CO. have for sale the following Theological Works, viz:
Robinson's Greek Lexicon, 8vo-Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo; Appleton's Works, 2 vols 8vo; Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 2 vols 8vo; Wiseman's Lectures, 8vo; Chalmer's Works, 3 vols 12mo; Stuart on Romans, 8vo; Stuart on Hebrews, 8vo; Townsend's New Testament, royal 8vo; Knapp's Theology, 2 vols 8vo; Geisler's Church History, 3 vols 8vo; Bowyer's Conjectures on the New Testament, 4to; Doddridge's Sermons, 4 vols 8vo; Powell and Fawcett's Sermons, 8vo; Carpenter's Popular Introduction to the Scriptures, 8vo; Belsham's Memoirs of Rev. T. Lindsey; Trollope's Analecta Theologica, 8vo; Marsh's Michaelis; Paley's Natural Theology, illustrated 8vo; Foster's Essays, 8vo; Locke on the Epistles, 8vo; Hug's Introduction, 8vo; Biblical Repository, 4 vols 8vo; Scott's Bible 3 vols 8vo, Hunter's Sacred Biography, 2 vols 8vo, &c. &c.
134 Washington st. a 29

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES, 7 vols 8vo.; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. a 29

IRVING'S WORKS, New Edition Vols. 7 and 8, containing Tales of a Traveller; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. opposite School st. a 29

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER NO. 80.
THIS day published The Christian Examiner and General Review for May 1837.
JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street opposite School st. a 29

MIRIAM, a Dramatic Poem, 12mo.
Extract from the author's Preface.
'It may not be unnecessary to state, that although the characters in the following scenes are imaginary, the author aimed at an illustration of the state of things which actually existed when Christianity was struggling almost for life, under the persecution of triumphant Heathenism.' This day published, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. a 29

VALUABLE BOOKS.
A Collection of valuable Books, principally Latin, Greek and French—a few English, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Modern Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, Polish and Russian—are for sale, at low prices, at No. 3 Tudors Buildings, opposite the East side of the new Court House.
3 t a 22

MISS L. A. Merriam designs opening a School in Framingham, for the instruction of young ladies, to commence on Tuesday the 2d of May next.
As a limited number of pupils only will be received it is desirable that those wishing to attend should make application early in April to O. S. Keith or Eliphalet Wheeler, Esq., Framingham.
Framingham, April, 7th, 1837.

FAIR MOUNT SEMINARY, WATERTOWN.
THE Summer term of this institution, will commence on Wednesday the 26th of April. Instruction is given in the Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages. The English course includes the higher branches of Mathematics, together with Moral, Intellectual and Natural Philosphy, Chemistry, History, &c. As also all the elementary branches of an English education. The studies of Philosophy &c. will be illustrated with suitable apparatus.
The Principal has ample accommodations for scholars from a distance, and prefers that such should board with him, it being desirable that he should have them under his care the whole time. The greatest attention will be paid to their habits, and every care will be taken to promote their happiness.
Terms for Board, tuition &c. $50 00.
A catalogue and some remarks on the plan of the school may be had at Hilliard, Gray, & CO. and at Gould, Kendall & Lincoln's
O. H. WELLINGTON, Principal.
Watertown, April 22.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE STEEPLE OF HOLLIS STREET CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, APRIL 8th, 1837.

Saw ye the storm-cloud rush with gathering wing,
Toward yon spire, like an imagined thing;
And o'er the fane that points to Whom we pray
From its rent pinion Heavens' own fires display?
What lesson read ye, as its message came,
Traced out in searching characters of flame?
Streamed it adown the magnetic points to play
In spiral wreaths, and dart from sight away?
It slumbered not—that serpent wreath of fire,
As did the thunder tones that spoke its ire.
Promethean fire! that did but disappear
To gather might, and chain the gaze of fear.
How rose from earth the cry, of no avail,
As thy slight ensign streamed along the gale.
What sturdy hands, and daring hearts unite
To quench its power, and scale the dizzying height.
How wavered then alternate hope and fear,
As the pent flame did gleam and disappear.
Man, thou art baffled! pause, and gaze with awe—
It is the flaming altar—Once adore!
Thou mayest live long, yet not again be given
To watch the kindling fire that falls from Heaven.
How did those bursting tongues of flame surround
That glittering summit, like a burning mound,
When reeled the pointed rod, the burnished vane,
And ponderous balls, that toppled down amain,
Then rushed the unprisoned flame toward the sky—
Another Etna opening to the eye!
While the fused metal, shaken by the gale,
Dropped into clustering stars upon night's veil.
Wrapped in that deepening veil, then saw ye stand
That steadfast steeple, like a burning brand?
What ancient watch-tower might with this compare,
When through the aperture raised so high in air,
One star triumphant shone, with steady light,
Type of what guided eastern sages right.
Were there no worshippers beneath *this* ray,
In those who looked upon its brief display?
Were there no memories turned to ancient days,
When the true prophets saw their altars blaze?
When cloven tongues of fire that message framed,
Which this reared steeple to this hour proclaimed?
Intrepid hearts—your watchful labor's crowned,
The last faint spark that threatened, ye have drowned!
Noble, but fearful 'twas, to see ye stand
Beneath that fire, like a devoted band,
Braving the gale through hours of lessening light,
Till night's deep mantle folded all from sight.
The Sabbath morn arose——and to the eye,
The spire, though scathed, is pointing to the sky,
While the spared temple, though uncrowned it stands,
Still guides to that 'which is not made with hands'
In nobler worship, *there*, may souls unite,
When Faith and Hope shall be exchanged for sight!

E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MORNING.

'Tis morn. Upon the hills
And tree-tops gleams the sun;
The gurgling brooks and rills
Blithe o'er the pebbles run,
And many a feathered songster hath his lay begun.

The sun is up: and now
The sturdy farmer boy
With fearless open brow,
Hastes to his day's employ,
And in his healthful strength he feels a bounding joy.

With what a happy face
And cheerful gladsome voice,
Yet sober chastened grace,
Dame Nature says 'rejoice'
To every son of man, who maketh her his choice.

V.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The Sun eternal breaks—
The Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

[From the German of Goethe.]

THE FISHER.

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
A fisher sat beside:
Calmly his patient watch he held
Beside the fresh'ning tide;
And from the oozy ocean deeps
A water maiden rose.

She spake to him, she sang to him—
'Why lur'st thou so my brood,
With cunning art and cruel heart,
From out their native flood?
Ah! couldst thou know, how here below,
Our peaceful lives glide o'er,
Thou'dst leave thine earth and plunge beneath
To seek our happier shore.

Bathes not the golden sun his face,—
The moon too in the sea:
And rise they not from their resting place
More beautiful to see?
And lures thee not the clear deep heaven
Within the waters blue,—
And thy form so fair, so mirror'd there
In that eternal dew?'

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
It reach'd his naked feet:
He felt, as at his Love's approach,
His bounding bosom beat;
She spake to him, she sang to him,
His short suspense is o'er;—
Half drew she him, half dropp'd he in,
And sank to rise no more.

From the Salem Observer.

SCHILLER.

Frederick Schiller, a distinguished German dramatist, discovered in his boyhood repeated proofs that he was born a poet, and rocked in the cradle of the muses. The following is a relation of one of them.

The sable clouds o'er-hung the sky,
While lightning's flash oft closed the eye,
And oft was heard the thunder's peal,
Which e'en the mightiest spirits feel.

But Fritz was absent from his home,
Where fearful sisters trembling come,
And 'mong the group the father sought
His roving boy, but found him not.

At length the troubled father sees
On lofty branch 'mong tow'ring trees
His soul-enraptured, fearless boy,
Musing on thunder's roar, with joy.

'My son, why here?' the father cries
'While dangers thick around thee rise,
The lurid glare dost thou not fear?
Nor rolling thunder dost thou hear?'

The 'wimpering truant' calmly smiled
And thus with heart-felt joy replied,
'How beautiful is yonder flame,
I wished to see from whence it came!'

DUBIO.

INTELLIGENCE.

BROWNSONIANISM.

We copy the following from an article entitled, *Christmas, A Sketch*, which appeared in a late number of the *Southern Literary Journal*.

The preacher was a short, spare man, of a pale, and almost unearthly countenance, with a slight impediment in his utterance, but not so much of one as to prevent a perfectly intelligible enunciation. Time had planted a few furrows upon his brow and cheeks; and his head was slightly sprinkled with grey. This was evident however only to a close inspection, and he could not be more than thirty-five years of age. I have heard the beautiful church of England service read with more pathos, but never with more energy, or apparently devotional spirit. I say *read*, but the preacher, on this occasion, seldom cast his eyes upon the book before him. They were for the most part, directed upwards; his soul seemed to be drawing inspiration from the skies, while it held a devout converse with the great Being who presides above them. The clerk performed his duty, but the responses were sent up in audible tones from all quarters, as if the concerns of the world were at length forgotten, and the whole congregation were disposed, as they always should be, to unite in the expression of common sentiments. The hymn commencing with the words,

'Let all the earth with one consent, &c.'

was now sung, and as the pealing music, aided by the rich and solemn tones of the organ, burst upon the ears of the ravished listeners, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, seemed to catch the contagion of a common gratitude; the distinctions of rank to be merged in generous and fraternal feelings, and the participators of common and distinguished favors, to realize that there are ties of endearment which connect them with their race, and the Author of all good. The preacher had selected for his text the concluding part of the hymn of the angels who announced the birth of our Savior to the shepherds:—'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will towards men!'

'Christianity,' he said, 'is a religion adapted to the progressive nature of man. We do not yet fully understand it, any more than we perfectly understand our own natures. We have not yet come fully up to that idea of the True, the Beautiful, the Holy, the Infinite and the Eternal, which Christianity shadows forth. Still we are in advance of our predecessors in this respect. Eighteen centuries of inquiry and research have not passed away without elevating the eye of Faith, and extending the boundaries of Christian charity and knowledge. At the present moment,—even while I speak, Truth is progressing with a manly and a vigorous step, and the dawn of a brighter day, than ever yet shone upon the world, begins to checker the East. Old institutions which have served their time, and which are worn out in the service, are giving up the ghost, and important truths which have long been struggling for utterance, are beginning to exert a powerful influence upon the thoughts, the feelings and the conduct of our race. There is at present more of an approximation towards common standards in opinion and action, than the world has before known. Men consult more together; there are fewer differences about important points; their passions are less excited by trifles; they perceive the folly and the dangers of disunion; they concentrate their powers more in the prosecution of great enterprizes; they accomplish more than they have hitherto done, in the same time, with the same means, and under the influence of the same motives; the age is, therefore, upon the whole, an improving one; its features brighten, and glow under the influence of stronger and purer lights; men communicate their thoughts more freely; warmer affections unite them; they stretch out their hands more promptly, and return the grasp of their brethren with a firmer and more welcome pressure. It is good to live in so enlightened and blessed an age, when every thing tends to promote 'peace on earth, and good will towards men.' It is good to behold the social nature of man unfolding more and more, and assuming so many bright and beautiful forms; it is good to be co-workers in this high and holy cause of heaven-born philanthropy; to reconcile hearts that are estranged, and to cause brethren of the same noble lineage to think, feel and act together on the broad ground of their common wants, hopes and interests; where they may see, eye to eye, the bright prospect that lies open before them, and heart may respond to heart with a generous sympathy. Let us engage, my brethren, in the noble undertaking with firmer resolutions, and prosecute it with increased zeal; let this anniversary, whose return we hail with gratitude, be an era in our moral progress; let us hereafter look back to it as a starting point in the great race of Christian excellence—the period from which we are to date the birth of stronger courage, brighter hopes, and steadier efforts.'

'Man, my brethren, seems to have forgotten that Christianity is a religion adapted to the whole of his nature—that matter and mind, reason and appetite, the short-lived and the eternal, are mysteriously bound up in his frame work. He knows that christianity has claims upon him, but he thinks that these claims have reference only to the soul,—to the spiritual part of his nature. He is apt to undervalue the frail body—nay more, to look upon it as his enemy. This, my brethren, is an error. The bodies of men are sacred. They are to be treated with respect. They are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and we should present them, according to the sacred precept, to the Father of our spirits, 'a living sacrifice, acceptable and pure.' The warfare which has subsisted between them, and which has produced nothing but sin and misery, must cease. Let us be content with humanity such as it is, with this wonderful union of the Spiritual and the Material which God has ordained. In his infinite wisdom he has placed them together in this world. Let us not attempt to fight against his decrees; our vision is narrow. We cannot penetrate deeply into the designs of Providence any more than we can doubt, that they always have in view the ultimate good of our race. The great work that devolves upon us is, to reconcile the contending principles of our nature, and make all its parts and properties duly harmonize with each other. It is for this reason that God manifested himself in the flesh—that the infinite, of whom we are an image, took up his residence in a frail body, thus figuring to us more sensibly the nature of the glorious relation which we sustain towards him. It was to reconcile these jarring elements of mind and matter, body and spirit, the finite and the infinite, earth and heaven, time and eternity, that the Author and Finisher of our faith made his appearance in the flesh, that he taught and suffered, lived and died, thus working out the great atonement. In mercy he proclaimed the law which was to secure the happiness of mankind. In mercy he led the way, showing the path we were to follow.'

I have given the substance, though not the language of the discourse. An attentive audience hung upon the words of the speaker with an intensity of interest which I have seldom witnessed. The picture which he had drawn of the nature and objects of the Christian faith, and of man's duty, was bold and novel, and well calculated to awaken serious reflections. After a short and impressive prayer, the assembly was dismissed, and then followed that exchange of mutual civilities which is common on these occasions. I was accosted by Dr M——, an old acquaintance, who, after making the usual inquiries, wished to know how I had been edified by their worship.

'Very much,' I assured him. 'Such views of society and of the progress of our religion are highly encouraging. I fear, however, the picture is a little too flattering. The present is an age in which the passion for gain seems to swallow up almost every other.'

'Too grasping a temper! Doubtless it is the evil of the times. We see too much of it every where, particularly in our own country, where the facilities for rapidly acquiring a fortune, present such temptations to the rising generation. The social nature of man is however unfolding. The preacher was right there. It is an age of associations. Combined action in the promotion of great objects is the order of the day. We shall see important consequences resulting from these concentrated energies of the intelligent and enterprising. Society will, in the progress of time be remodelled upon a new and more generous plan.'

'I doubt it not, sir. Important causes are in operation, and the agents in the work of human improvement are animated by a worthy zeal. I confess I was struck with some of the remarks of your excellent Rector. He possesses the right spirit, and I trust he may prove a true prophet. His views, however, are not wholly new, with him they may be original, but the world has heard of them before. He is a Brownsonian.'

'A what?'

'A Brownsonian, my dear sir. He belongs to the new sect, entitled, "the Friends of Christian Progress and Union."'

'A good name, but I never heard of that sect before.'

'I presume not, Dr. It has lately sprung into existence. Its leader has just put forth a book, explanatory of his views, which is a very remarkable production.'

'Ah! and what do they believe?'

'Just what your preacher has been insisting on in his discourse. I see no material difference in their opinions, except that the author of the book is a little more of a philosopher, and has dipped more deeply into French metaphysics. Your rector is certainly a disciple of this new school.'

'It is a good school, sir, be it new or old. There can be no objection to 'Christian progress and union.' I only wish we could see more of both than we do. The professors of a common faith are too much estranged from each other.'

'I know it, and lament it, and most heartily respond to the wish you have just expressed.'

THE TREASURES OF THE OCEAN.

The immense amount of treasure, and other memorials of man, which lie buried in the ocean, is a curious subject of reflection. Who can say that to future ages the memory of the nations now in the world may not be preserved solely through these relics? But few persons have any idea of the number of vessels, with valuable cargoes, which have been submerged. Lyell, in his 'Principles of Geology,' says that during the late wars between England and France, thirty-two English ships-of-the-line went to the bottom in twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun-ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of small vessels France, Holland, Spain Denmark, were almost anihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon, constructed of iron or brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufactories inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments: in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace; many formed of materials such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages, when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of sea water. Upon this subject, Lyell, in his 'Principles of Geology,' remarks:

'But let it not be imagined that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From the examination of Lloyd's Lists from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829 Captain W. H. Smyth ascertained that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily; an extant of loss which would have hardly been anticipated, although we learn from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounted to about twenty thousand, having, one with another a mean burthen of 120 tons. My friend, Mr J. L. Prevost, also informs me, that on inspecting Lloyd's Lists for the years 1829, 1830 and 1831, he finds that no less than 1953 vessels were lost in those three years, their average tonnage being about 150 tons or, in all, nearly 300,000 tons, being at the enormous rate of 100,600 tons annually, of the merchant vessels of one nation only. This increased loss arises, I presume, from increased activity in commerce.

Out of 551 ships of the royal navy, lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only 160 were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident: a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the shoal, the lee shore, and all other perils of the deep.

Millions of silver dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on those when they happened to be enveloped in a matrix capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed, and endure for periods as indefinite as have the delicate markings of zoophytes or lapidified plants in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament, composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which, letters and various images are carved—engravings which they may retain when included in subaqueous strata, as long as crystal preserves its natural forms.

It was, therefore, a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry at Aginconrt made Henry's chronicle

'——As rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the deep,
With sunken wrecks and sumless treasures.'

For it is probable that a greater number of monuments of the skill and industry of man, will, in the course of ages, be collected together in the bed of the ocean than will be seen, at any other time, on the surface of the continent.'

[From the Religious Magazine.]

THE STRANGER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

From the papers of a German Emigrant.

There is something sadly sweet in the longing, with which one who is separated from his native land, looks back upon the scenes of his childhood and of his youth. However this feeling may be modified by differences of rank and station, there are times, when every one, who is a stranger in a strange land, will feel the recollections of former days crowding around him, and reminding him strongly of the contrast between the present and the past.

Of this nature are those times of festive joy, when the people with whom the stranger sojourns, celebrate former events, which have had a deep and lasting influence on their own fate, and which are endeared to them by many pleasant and interesting reminiscences of the past. Such also are those days of social enjoyment, when the head of every family gathers around him all its members, and in grateful recollections of the past, enjoys the gifts of the present. It is on occasions like these, that the stranger, who is permitted to intermingle with the joyful crowd, is reminded, by many peculiar references and allusions, which are familiar to all but himself, that he is far from his home. This thought, however, though it may recur again and again to him, can hardly prevent him from sympathizing warmly with the sad or joyful recollections of his hosts.

It is very different with those other seasons which are endeared to him by the celebrations peculiar to his home, and which are left entirely unnoticed in the land of his adoption. The foreign ambassador, whose station and rank, if not his personal character, secure to him the attentions of a large and elevated circle of acquaintance, and a share in every joy which society can offer, not less than the poor ballad singer, who repeats his foreign melodies in wandering from street to street; the humble emigrant, whose social intercourse is confined to the scanty meal which he shares with his family, and the foreign traveller who restlessly wanders from place to place—all feel equally impressed with the recollections of their distant home, when the season of some national festivity arrives, of which the name is hardly known in the foreign land.

It is at Christmas Eve, perhaps, more than at any other time, that a German is impressed with this home-feeling. This, at least, was the case with Otto Liebilden, a German by birth, when his business once compelled him to spend Christmas Eve far from the circle of his relatives, and in a part of the United States where that season, and all its kiudred festivals, have given way to other celebrations, more in accordance with the spirit of the Puritan fathers. He had taken up his temporary residence in the city of Boston, and on Christmas Eve was wandering through the streets of that city. It was a cold but clear night, and the ever changing climate of the city of Boston, seemed, for once, to have altered its character.—By a succession of cold days, it reminded Otto of the cold which generally characterizes Christmas time in the north of Europe.

But far less similar than the weather, were the scenes which surrounded him, to those of his home. Silence prevailed every where. But rarely was he interrupted in his musings by steps which fell heavily on the frozen grouud, or by some passing carriage. The cities in his native country are illumined at that season by beautiful rows of lighted booths, in which the most splendid Christmas gifts are unfolded to the crowds of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, who are thronging the streets; while from time to time a pleasant scene presents itself through the thawing panes of some window adjoining the street:—a Christmas tree, surrounded by happy children. It was natural that this contrast should fill the heart of Otto with sadness, and direct his thoughts to that stream of spiritual life which is ever flowing through the Church of Christ, and which, in Protestant Germany particularly, refreshes at this season many a weary traveller.

He had left, several years ago, the narrow circle of his home, and had come to a land which is unequalled in natural resources, and in the ever new developement of new powers, but not less so in regard to the chaotic spirit by which its progress is marked and by which every new element must first transcend its bounds, before it can find its proper sphere. Like most of his American brethren, Otto had felt, in some measure, the influence of this generally prevailing spirit. With youthful activity he had exerted himself in many fields of usefulness, and his labors had not been left without a reward; but he had lost, at the same time, that consciousness of an unbroken and harmonious existence, which had never left him in his native land. He asked himself how he had lost that harmony of his being, that consciousness of a perfect accordance between the powers granted and the task imposed on him—but before he could reply, his musings were interrupted by the loud sound of a deep-toned voice. He saw a stranger approaching, who seemed deeply engaged in a soliloquy, in which he inveighed severely against himself, accompanying every sentence with violent gestures; now pressing his hat over his care-worn face and now again tossing it back and looking up to the starry heaven, as if he were striving to find there some sympathy and relief for his oppressed heart.

The form had soon passed away, but not the thoughts to which it had given rise in the mind of Otto. He had seen there a disappointed man! a man without hope or joy, contending against the world, and at war with himself; and he asked himself, whether the want of harmony which he felt in his own bosom might not lead to the same result.

And he thought of another disappointed man,—of that great poet, who had nothing but friendship and severe labor to console him for all the ideal pictures of his youth, which had been left unrealized. And he asked himself again, whether the melancholy consolation of that poet should become his own. No! no! exclaimed he, suddenly, and cast a serene glance on the wintry scene around him; however little I may succeed in realizing all the visions on which I have now set my heart, they cannot deprive me of hope and of joy, if I conceive and foster them in that childlike spirit, which is sufficient to secure the kingdom of heaven, and which is its own delightful reward, however greatly outward circumstances may prevent my complete success. And while he was yet speaking thus to himself, a beautiful female voice sung the following song, to a well known German tune, with a purity of accent and enunciation, which hardly permitted him to remember that it was not sung by a native of Germany:

There is a vale, the cotter's home,
Where, with each opening, joyous spring,
Soon as the lark begins to sing,
A maiden fair is seen to roam.

She was not in that valley born,
And whence she came was never known,
For quickly every trace had flown,
When ceased her step to cheer the morn.

A blessing followed where she went,
And every heart expanded wide,
While such her noble, gracious pride,
As all bold freedom to prevent.

She brought the richest fruits and flowers,
That ripened in another land,
By softer zephyrs had been fanned,
And showed a happier nature's powers.

To all she gave some precious gift,
To this a blossom, that a fruit,
She knew the child, the man to suit,
And hearts above the earth to lift.

She freely gave to all around,
But when a fond young pair drew near,
Whatever to the soul is dear,
Was theirs, with richest blessings crowned.

'Tis thou, 'Maiden from the far distance,' exclaimed Otto, when the last tones of the melody ceased to vibrate on the air, 'thou beautiful Hope, I am thine! And thrice blessed be that spirit of music which has carried thy gifts to my heart!'

And well may we unite with Otto Liebilden in the praise of this spirit. It takes away the barrier which a difference of language and manners erects between the stranger and his host—for it speaks a language which they both understand: it reminds him by the magic influence of a single tone, of his childhood and his youth, and it makes him conscious of the immortal existence of that childlike spirit within his own heart, and of his unbroken and harmonious life.

Otto Leibilden returned to his solitary home, his mind composed by the conviction, that obstructions or disappointments could not shake the strong hold of a pure and holy will—his heart expanding with hope, and filled with a love, which encircled the whole extent of his adopted land, and every one of her beating hearts; and most of all that desolate heart, which has rejected the gifts of the 'Maiden of the far distance,' and which is now without the blessings of Hope.

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